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Contents

The Week 279

Editorials

America Turns to the Dole 282
Why Schools of Journalism? 283

General Articles

The Grim Anniversary ..... Burton Rascoe 285
Tennis Manners ..... T. S. Matthews 289
Crisp County Bucks the Utilities ..... Judson King 290
Violations of Newspaper Codes ..... Hornell Hart, Susan M. Kingsbury and Romayne Rowe 292
Washington Notes ..... T. R. B. 295
The Bi-Millennium of Vergil ..... Allen Tate 296
Solid South ..... Stark Young 298

Correspondence 300

Reviews of Books

Three Frenchmen in the U. S. ..... Edmund Wilson 301
An Opponent of the Soviets ..... Vera Micheles Dean 303
The Glory of the Nightingales ..... Horace Gregory 303
Notes on Novels 304

The Week

THE gloom which has hung over Europe in recent weeks has not been dispelled by the vote of confidence which Chancellor Bruening received in the Reichstag. The crisis in German affairs has been postponed until the Reichstag meets again in December, but it is by no means averted. The Bruening government was sustained by the votes of the Socialists, who are willing to support the government temporarily only because they do not wish to play into the hands of the extremists on both the Left and Right, the Communists and the Fascist followers of Hitler. When the Reichstag meets again it must face the question which has now been postponed, and decide whether to vote the taxes necessary to carry out reparations payments under the Young Plan. These taxes are extremely unpopular with the Socialists, as they are, of course, with everybody else in Germany. The Socialists may support them for the present, for the same reason which caused them to give Bruening his vote of confidence; but they will not long continue to do so. In the meantime, there is the growing danger of a *coup d'etat* by the Hitlerites followed by a flat refusal to pay any more reparations whatever, on the ground that Germany was not solely guilty of the War.

ELSEWHERE in Europe, the immediate outlook is equally dispiriting. M. Briand, who, whatever his faults, has been a sincere friend of international amity, is being subjected to the bitterest attack, and his enemies have been encouraged by the violent drop in the European temperature which followed the German election. Franco-Italian relations have not improved, despite the efforts to bring about an understanding. The success of the Fascists in Germany has made more likely the success of the corresponding element in Austria. The recent outcry in several countries against the alleged dumping of goods by the U. S. S. R. has increased the fear among the Russians of a concerted attack upon them by the capitalistic Western powers. In particular, Russo-Rumanian relations are bad, due to the reported discovery of wholesale Russian espionage within the borders of Rumania. Finally, the prospect that Germany may ask a moratorium in reparations payments has suddenly brought into the foreground again the question of war-debt payments to America, and is almost certain to increase the bitterness with which so many Europeans look upon the United States.

GERMANY, under Chancellor Bruening, will do its utmost to meet the full schedule of reparations payments, but there is doubt whether, with the best will in the world, she can meet it, or can do so without so lowering her own standard of living that her political and economic stability would be seriously upset, to the incalculable damage of the whole world. Discussion has for some time been prevalent in responsible quarters concerning what might be done to avert this calamity. Under the Young Plan Germany is entitled in time of economic crisis to cease paying about two-thirds of the reparations annuities—the "postponable" part—for a period of two years. This would affect the ability of the Allied nations to pay the interest and instalments of the war debts, especially if the depression continues. The debt agreements provide for postponement of payments of principal—but not of interest. As

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principal makes up large amounts, in many cases about half, of the payments due at this stage of the program, some relief would thus be offered. Holding up of those parts of reparations and war debts postponable under present agreements would therefore be the first step in the case of threatened German collapse.

BUT discussion has apparently ranged more widely than to consider the postponements already allowed for. Would they be enough? Could payments be resumed after two years, or would it be wise to attempt resumption? Such questions involve, not merely the present situation of Germany, but the belief that these arbitrary payments have injured world trade and prosperity. They have influenced transfers of gold, which has tended to drift into the banking reserves of a few nations—notably France and the United States. It is argued that the nations which as a result have insufficient gold reserves cannot support expansion of credit and currency; this tends to reduce prices and depress business. A five-year moratorium is mentioned, and, even further, a revision downward of both reparations and debts. The Allies agreed, at the time the Young Plan was adopted, that if the United States should revise their payments downward, the postponable annuities of Germany would be reduced equally. Indeed, Germany's postponable annuities themselves are substantially equal to the Allied annuities to us. Thus the old question of debt revision bobs up again. Whether it will make any more impression on Washington than before remains to be seen. The fact that Dr. Schacht, former president of the Reichsbank, has been calling on Secretaries Mellon and Stimson and on President Hoover lends color to the belief that these arguments have at least been ably presented to our government.

AS THE election approaches, it is obvious that the Republicans are in a blue funk. The Democrats are now claiming control of the House by a margin of several votes, and it seems certain that they will rule the Senate on every issue where they can get the collaboration of even part of the Progressive Republican group. The two chief issues on which the Republicans are losing are, of course, prohibition and hard times. The electorate assumes that the G. O. P. is Dry, though, as our Washington correspondent points out in this issue, this supposition will not necessarily remain true until the next presidential election. If the Republicans are defeated in Ohio and Illinois, the Wet-Dry issue will be the chief factor; and it is an important one, though not so important as his opponents pretend, in causing the defections from Gifford Pinchot, the Republican candidate for Governor in Pennsylvania. As for hard times, it now seems certain that the Hoover administration will be penalized in the election, although the depression is an economic phenomenon for which the federal government has comparatively little responsibility. There is, however, a certain ironic justice in the situation: the Republicans, who in 1928 claimed credit for prosperity when they did not deserve it, can hardly complain when the tables are turned. As usual, the voters are casting their ballots this year, not in favor of something, but as a protest. The Democrats who will be the beneficiaries will not know how to use their victory if they get it.

ON Sunday, October 12, it appears that President Hoover made an early return from Rapidan camp to meet Richard Whitney, president of the New York Stock Exchange, and Allen L. Lindley, vice-president and chairman of the Business Conduct Committee of the Exchange, in a secret conference at the White House. News of the meeting did not come out until the 15th, and the point of the conference was not disclosed. It was rumored, however, that the administration was worried about the persistence of the bear market. Senator Fess, chairman of the Republican National Committee, according to a dispatch to The New York World published in the issue of October 15, "said yesterday that persons high in Republican circles are beginning to believe that there is some concerted effort on foot to utilize the stock market as a method of discrediting the administration. He pointed out that every time an administration official gives out an optimistic statement about business conditions the market immediately drops." The obvious answer is that administration officials should stop giving out optimistic statements. They have been giving them out for over a year now in the face of known general depression. And every time they have done it the market has taken a nose dive. They should have learned by this time to keep their mouths shut, or, for a change, try giving out a pessimistic statement.

WHERE Mr. Hoover and his official advisors have been getting their economic information for all these optimistic statements during the last year is a mystery not only to speculators, but to nearly everybody else. We have before us The Monthly Review of Credit and Business Conditions, Second Federal Reserve District, New York City, for October 1, made available by the member banks of the Federal Reserve system to every Tom, Dick and Harry who cares to pick up a copy from the counters. There are charts and graphs which administration officials may not be able to decipher, but it is presumed that at least they can read. Here are some extracts: "At the middle of August the number of workers employed in representative factories throughout the United States showed a decline of slightly less than one percent, compared with the middle of July. Usually the autumn increase in employment starts during this period; consequently, the small decrease this year resulted in a further decline in this bank's seasonally adjusted employment index, which in August equaled the lowest point in 1922 and was only 3-percent

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above the low of 1921." "The upturn in commodity price indexes early in August, caused by higher prices for agricultural commodities on account of the drought, was followed by a period of some stability in the latter part of August and the early part of September, but renewed weakness again developed in commodity prices during the latter part of September. Consequently, the weekly index prices of more than 450 commodities, which are computed by the National Fertilizer Association, declined in the last two weeks of September to new low levels for recent years." "This bank's indexes of the distribution of goods and of general business activity indicate a continued low level in August, as compared either with last year or with the long-time trend of growth." "The number of business failures remained relatively large." "The August sales of the reporting chain stores in this district were 8 percent below a year previous, the largest decrease ever reported to this bank." "The total August sales of the reporting department stores in this district showed a 7-percent decline from a year previous, the largest decrease reported so far this year."

WE HAVE just received the following telegram, which we are happy to share with our readers. Although this issue of The New Republic will reach their hands too late for them to feel the requisite confidence during the week specified, they will be interested to know the cause of the business revival which will undoubtedly have occurred in the meantime:

> FOR THE PURPOSE OF RESTORING CONFIDENCE IN THE BASIC SOUNDNESS OF OUR COUNTRYS BUSINESS THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF LIONS CLUBS WITH EIGHTY ONE THOUSAND BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN IN APPROXIMATELY TWENTY THREE HUNDRED COMMUNITIES HAS SET ASIDE THE WEEK OF OCTOBER NINETEENTH AS BUSINESS CONFIDENCE WEEK THIS MOVEMENT HAS ASSUMED NATIONAL PROPORTIONS THE GOVERNORS OF THIRTY TWO STATES TWENTY THREE RAILROAD PRESIDENTS AND PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS LEADERS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY HAVE ASSURED US OF THEIR COOPERATION HUNDREDS OF COMMUNICATIONS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED FROM CITIES INFORMING US OF STEPS TAKEN TOWARD MAKING BUSINESS CONFIDENCE WEEK A SUCCESS SAVANNAH GEORGIA ADVISES TWENTY THREE HUNDRED MEN ACTIVELY SUPPORTING MOVEMENT ATLANTA GEORGIA INFORMS US WEEK WILL BE DEVOTED ENTIRELY TO RESTORING CONFIDENCE AND USING RADIO STATIONS FOR THAT PURPOSE DETROIT OPENING CAMPAIGN WITH MAYOR MILWAUKEE AND CHICAGO CARRYING SLOGANS IN ALL STREET CARS SAME WORD FROM SCORE OF OTHER CITIES NEWSPAPERS AND TRADE JOURNALS CARRYING ARTICLES ON PROGRESS OF BUSINESS CONFIDENCE WEEK YOUR ASSISTANCE WILL GO FAR TOWARD AIDING IN THIS CAUSE—MELVIN JONES SECRETARY GENERAL.

BARRON'S Weekly for October 13 comments upon the case of Crisp County, Georgia, whose experience in supplying power from its own plant to residents at a lower cost than the local public-utility company is described by Judson King on page 290 of this issue. The company reduced its rates by one-third, whereupon the state commission attempted to force it to cut rates correspondingly throughout the state. "To the ordinary man," says the financial journal, "this sort of thing looks like curious ethics. There is something in it which is offensive to that general code of behavior that men commonly designate as sportsmanlike." We had supposed that business ethics, since the early days of Standard Oil, had denounced the old method of dumping to beat down a competitor, which is exactly what the Georgia power company undertook to do. Evidently what is sportsmanlike for a privately owned company is offensive when done by citizens in supplying a necessity as common to all as water.

IN REGARD to the regulation of utility companies, the editor of Barron's Weekly announces the view that "the only reason for it is that as 'monopolies' they can most effectively serve the public when they exclusively occupy the field." We had supposed that regulation was undertaken to limit the unconscionable extortion which such companies invariably practise when free to charge all that the traffic will bear. In the present case it would appear that the commission acted to prevent the citizens of the state in general from being overcharged in order to ruin a legitimate enterprise belonging to some of them. Further remarks on the "inferiority complex" in industry, tenderness toward which is attributed to "journals of opinion," remind us that when citizens seek to put reality into politics by doing something for the common good, their effort is stigmatized as lack of self-reliance, "running to the government for help," etc.; but when private business asks for special privilege and protection it is exemplifying the "American system," and the "better, brighter, broader individualism" which Mr. Hoover extols. The whole article, entitled "Liberals and the Public Utilities," is a perfect example of the fear and hate which fanatic believers in the private ownership of public necessities direct against citizenship when it is exercised in anything more important than voting Wet or Dry on the prohibition question.

IN SPITE of the severity of the depression, establishments which have installed union-management coöperation, like the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the Rocky-Mountain Fuel Company, have been able to maintain levels of employment higher than those of their competitors. Particularly noteworthy are two concerns which have adopted this plan recently. One is the Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company of Salem, Massachusetts, where Pequot sheets and pillowcases are made, and the other is Yeomans Brothers Company of Chicago, manufacturers of sewage ejectors and pumping machinery. Both these concerns employ none but union workers, and both are in highly competitive industries, while

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labor organizations do not exist in the plants of their chief competitors. In each case price cutting and other competitive practices seriously threatened the prosperity of the union establishments. Instead, however, of employing the usual tactics of the textile and metal employers, such as undermining the existing unions, introducing company unions, reducing wages, lengthening hours and imposing stretch-out systems, each of these companies got together with the international union, of which its employees are members, and worked out a remedial program having due regard for the welfare of the workers. Their relative immunity to hard times is accounted for partly by the efficiency thus brought about and partly by the good will toward their products created by their friendly relations with organized labor.

America Turns to the Dole

AFTER a year in which the chief policy applied to the remedy of unemployment by the government at Washington has been the frequent expression of confidence that times would soon be better, President Hoover has appointed a committee consisting of six Cabinet officers and the president of the Federal Reserve Board, to take measures against the unemployment crisis which everybody sees is inevitable this winter. State, municipal and private forces had already been mobilizing for the same end in New York, Illinois, Ohio and many other industrial regions. And with very good reason.

Last April the census found about 2,500,000 persons who had no jobs, were able to work and were looking for employment. In addition, there was an as yet unknown number—probably reaching into seven figures—who thought they "had jobs" but were not working because laid off. Such lay-offs often last for weeks or months, and in some cases are permanent. The number so affected are to a large degree in as severe a plight as the technically jobless. Last April the Federal Reserve Board index of the number employed in factories stood at ninety-two. It steadily shrank to eighty-four in August—the last recorded figure. There is every indication that employment in non-manufacturing industries such as building, railroads and mining has shrunk as much. Factory pay rolls, reflecting the part-time work as well as the total number employed, fell still more—from ninety-seven in April to eighty-one in August. There will undoubtedly be many more unemployed this winter than at any time during the current depression.

To the aggravation of mere numbers must be added the intensification of suffering due to the long term of joblessness. In the first winter, some of the employed had small savings, or could borrow, or could fall back on relatives or friends. Their hope of better luck was still fresh, and their physical and mental resistance to the terror of their misfortune more resilient. The country still had a good deal of fat on which to live. But in the second winter of unemployment, these resources dwindle and vanish.

Organized private charity, on which nearly the whole burden of feeding the hungry and sheltering the cold has been thrown, likewise feels the strain of the depression. On the one hand money flows out in an ever growing flood; on the other, contributions dry up because of the general drought in the stream of income. In city after city the treasuries of institutions existing to relieve the poor and unfortunate are nearly empty.

What can we do? The emergency is here; only emergency action can be of immediate help. Appeals for charity, however disguised they may be, are our only resource. The President speaks of organizing committees, stimulating public and private building. But these are all measures which he tried last winter, and any effectiveness they can have had must already be in evidence. More of the same thing may help a little next spring or summer; all of it put together will not sop up an appreciable number of those now unemployed. The New York financiers who got together and pledged enough money to give work to 10,000 men at $3.00 a day in the parks are justly commended. But two observations about such action as this are inescapable. Costly as it is to the individuals concerned, it is of almost trivial effect in a city where the number of unemployed ranges into the hundreds of thousands. And it is charity—the work in the parks would not otherwise have been undertaken; the amount paid is not a decent wage for genuine work. It would be accepted only under the stress of dire need.

The whole history of the current unemployment crisis is typical of improvident, shallow-pated, warm-hearted America. For months we attempt to conceal the seriousness of the threat. For months we pretend that we can ignore it, that there is some magic in ignoring it which will remove it. For months we repeat, as a sort of incantation, such words as, "the worker would rather have a job than a dole," or "the worker wants a chance to work, not charity." Then comes a time when at last we have to admit that our magic has not succeeded, that our incantation has had no effect on the reality. No matter what the worker wants, he has, by the millions, no job. Then, in our impulsive way, we turn to emergency action, we dig into our pockets and give the worker the dole in its worst and most ineffective form—unplanned, hastily executed charity. There is no longer time to do anything else. And, if past history repeats itself, men will starve and freeze to death in spite of us, they will die by their own hands; they may even act in ways to impel the authorities to shoot those whom they cannot feed.

There is no adjective sufficiently sharp to characterize the plight in which the American people now

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finds itself in regard to this evil. We can call it intolerable, revolting, inhuman, stupid. It is all these things, and something more. A large part of it is a direct result of that arid worship of phrase, that superstitious obeisance before misapplied principle, which has kept us from grasping the most obvious method of relief—compulsory insurance against unemployment. Faulty as this has been in its practice abroad, it at least has for many years prevented any other great industrial nation from suffering the sort of degradation which faces the United States in the winter of 1930-31. It at least has fed the hungry and housed the cold, and it has done so by foresight and system, largely out of the advance contributions of workmen and employers themselves.

If America must have ready-made phrases in which to do its thinking, we suggest, as the result of the experience which we are now undergoing, the following ritual:

> The worker would rather have a job than insurance;
> The worker would rather have insurance than charity;
> The worker would rather have charity than starve.

So far, we have acted feebly on the first of these phrases, and somewhat more energetically on the third, but on the second, which necessarily links them, hardly at all.

Why Schools of Journalism?

EVERY up-and-coming American university nowadays has a department of journalism, and some of them possess full-fledged schools, housed in handsome edifices of their own. The course often takes four years, and not infrequently graduate study is possible. The schools are not of great antiquity—hardly any of them go back more than two decades—but they are already, from a quantitative point of view, an important part of the picture of American university life.

The directors of these schools, however, have lately been somewhat troubled in their minds. They are both beginning to take stock of themselves and being subjected to criticism from the outside. The American Society of Newspaper Editors, an organization which includes the working executives of most of the country's big-city dailies, not long ago appointed a committee of its own members to report on the journalism schools. Professor H. B. Rathbone, of the Department of Journalism in New York University, is only able to say of this report, that "while in itself it was not definitely unfavorable to the teaching of journalism in colleges, remarks made [by the editors] after the report was submitted received rather widespread publicity and were somewhat distressing to those engaged in the teaching of journalism."

One of the leading institutions for the study of newspaper work is the Pulitzer School of Journalism of Columbia University, whose head is Dr. John W. Cunliffe. Dr. Cunliffe the other day made his annual report to President Butler, in which he stated boldly that "there is a widespread and well founded opinion that all is not well with the thousands of students receiving journalistic instruction in over 200 American colleges and universities." He expressed the hope that these schools might be subjected to a searching inquiry by the Carnegie Endowment for the Advancement of Teaching or some similar foundation. He stated further that there is little need for graduate schools of journalism, pointing out that there are only 100 such students in the whole country. He admitted that the schools are sending out too many graduates, suggesting that they should try to produce fewer and better journalists.

What the editors themselves think about the schools is strikingly revealed by the results of a questionnaire sent out by Mr. Rathbone, and recorded in the pages of Editor and Publisher. He asked 148 editors a series of searching questions, and received many interesting replies. Of seventy-five men who responded to his inquiry whether the schools were making "better journalists," only forty-eight answered Yes. Twelve said No, and fifteen were noncommittal. Similar proportions were observed in the replies to a question as to whether the editor would give preference to the college-trained man in filling positions. Some of the statements volunteered by the editors are interesting:

> "What we want is men who are not so mechanically perfect as to have lost all individuality, initiative and independence." "Journalism courses often give a feeling of superiority which makes graduates very difficult to train in newspaper offices." "The training is too technical." "At an average of from $60 to $80 a week for ultimate remuneration, students are not warranted in taking four years' study."

These editors might have spoken even more harshly without going beyond the facts. Every practical journalist is aware that the technical training needed for success in newspaper work is almost negligible. About all that the beginner needs to know is the proper order in which to tell his facts—and some of the best and most successful reporting ever done has defied even this formula. Long before he will be required to understand the mysteries of headline writing or newspaper make-up, he will have gained the needed information unconsciously in the course of his daily duties, by the same sort of spiritual osmosis by which every man, in any occupation, learns the details of his shop. The basic qualities necessary for success in journalism are those desirable in any other career: Intelligence, sound health and inexhaustible stores of nervous energy to drive one forward through long hours of sustained endeavor. An ability to write well and a feeling for good writing done by others

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are of course desirable, although many men have climbed to conspicuous editorial success without either.

What the college can give to the tyro, therefore, is not the technique of an occupation which has hardly any technique, but an education. It can offer him modern languages, history, economics, perhaps some psychology and certainly a grounding in the physical sciences. In the long run, success in journalism will not come because he has learned the technical trick of preparing copy for the printer. If he is to be a writer, it will be because he knows something and can say it in an interesting way. If he is to be an executive, he must have certain personal characteristics which express themselves in his relations with other men, characteristics which no college can ever instill if he did not have them before he matriculated.

If the technical training of the journalist were deflated to its proper place in the college curriculum —say, two hours a week for the last semester of the senior year—the fundamental question would remain to be solved: What is the graduate to do after he departs from what the editorial writers invariably call the classic shades? Assuming that he is lucky enough to get a job, in these days when mergers and syndication have left thousands of capable reporters walking the streets looking for work, what is the use, as the editor already quoted shrewdly observes, of giving a man professional training for work where the top salary of the rank and file must remain $60 to $80 a week? It is perhaps not surprising that so many graduates of journalism schools turn at once, or after a few months of disillusioning work as a cub reporter, to the comparatively fat incomes of the press agent and his high-hat brother, the Counsellor on Public Relations.

While no statement makes the professor in a school of journalism angrier, the fact remains that newspaper work as practised by the rank and file in the United States does not meet any of the tests which would justify describing it as a profession. Judged both by their duties and by the qualities necessary for success, those holding executive positions in newspaperdom are business men. Here and there we find a writer who, through charm of style or the possession of expert information, comes to have a significance in his own person comparable to that of the successful lawyer or physician; but such men are rare and their experience is not typical. The typical experience is to work anonymously, to reach the maximum earning power within a few years after entering the occupation, and to dwindle both in salary and significance as youthful vigor and enthusiasm disappear.

The average man, and for that matter many an exceptional man, are at the mercy of economic forces beyond their control; they never know when their paper may be sold or suspended and they themselves turned out on a day's notice, or if they are lucky, a fortnight's. They are far less well protected than their English brethren, who have followed the trade-union tactics so scorned by individualistic Americans, and may not be dismissed without many months' advance salary. Even the exceptionally competent craftsman is never sure that he may not be forced to go to work on some vulgar tabloid and fight down his nausea while he writes for shopgirl readers about Hollywood amours. He is lucky if he manages to escape working for a publisher with whose general policies he is in the most violent disagreement, one whose principles and practices he despises even while he has to live down to the one and engage in the other. And it is, of course, no answer to all this to point out that many men who begin as journalists make distinguished successes in writing novels, short stories or plays, or in politics or the business world. What would one think of medical schools if they boasted that numerous graduates had become successful practitioners of the law? Unless journalism is worth following for its own sake, and not as a stepping-stone to something else, it does not deserve to be taught professionally in the colleges.

It is true, of course, that the importance of any occupation is to some extent determined by the character of the men who go into it—and vice versa. A striking improvement has been seen in the personnel of the average newspaper office in the past thirty years; those who talk wistfully about the good old days are either ignorant of what those days were actually like or are thinking of the work of a few brilliant individuals such as occur in every generation. At the same time, we are still a long distance from the day when a young man seeking a profession will be able to think of law, journalism, medicine and engineering as being in all respects compatible. No doubt plenty of good men will continue to enter newspaper work, lured partly by the opportunity for public service, which in spite of everything is found there; but they must do so at a sacrifice of some things which weigh heavily in favor of these other occupations. Until that better day comes, professional training for the journalist must remain slightly absurd; and even after it comes, that training should consist of everything else but "journalistic technique."

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EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON H. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD
GILBERT SELDES R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

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The Grim Anniversary

Irresponsible Reminiscences of the Hoover Panic

THE GREAT Hoover Panic was unprecedented in duration, in volume of trading and in extent of liquidation. It quasi-officially began on October 24 and ended on the morning of November 15. Meanwhile the New York Stock Exchange, the Curb Exchange and out-of-town exchanges had closed for two days, November 1 and 2, and from then on until November 4 trading was restricted to the hours between 10 a. m. and 1 p. m. The panic was precipitated by an extreme urgency. Its long continuation was enhanced by a ruse. And its end was brought about by a gesture which did not cost the maker of it a penny and was probably the idea of Mr. Ivy Lee, press agent.

The panic really began about eleven o'clock on the morning of Thursday, October 24, 1929. At that hour a sinister omen occurred. An alarming number of stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange were offered at the market and there were no bids for them. Heavy liquidation had preceded the panic for nearly a month and a half, and on Wednesday there had been an avalanche of selling which had clipped off five billion dollars in the market valuation of the stocks listed on the Stock Exchange alone. But until that Thursday morning there had been no stocks offered at the market for which there were no buyers at any price.

On these stocks which were valueless that morning, and on other stocks listed on the Stock Exchange which had suffered severe depreciation—one stock had dropped 96 points and some bank shares, which are dealt in over the counter for cash, had dropped $500 in valuation—the member banks of the Federal Reserve in New York City had loaned at the close of business on Wednesday afternoon $6,634,000,000 to brokers and dealers—or, in other words, two billion dollars more money than was in circulation in the United States during the whole of last year and only two billion dollars less than the entire stock of money in the country, including the amount held in the Treasury against gold and silver certificates and against Treasury notes of 1890.

On that Thursday morning, then, because of the number of stocks that had become valueless on which the banks had loaned money to brokers and dealers, and because of the number of stocks which had depreciated in value below their lending value established by the banks, there was probably not a large bank in New York City that was not technically insolvent. (Bankers, brokers, investors, speculators speak of "real" or "intrinsic" value of stocks and bonds. These are mythical terms. All market values are relative and governed by opinion. The value of any commodity or anything at any time is precisely what you can get for it. Its value is established at the given moment of exchange, even if at the next exchange its value shifts markedly up or down.) In lending money to brokers and dealers with securities listed on the New York Stock Exchange (and some Curb stocks) as collateral, the men who govern the lending value of stocks do not speak of "real" or "intrinsic" value: after the close of each market day they make a guess at the lowest possible point to which any given stock might drop in twenty-four hours, and lend money to the brokers, who in turn lend it to customers, to the amount of that lowest possible point. That is, say, on a stock which had been selling around $165 a share on Tuesday, the banks had guessed at the lowest liquidation point as $100 and had loaned that much money on it. But on Thursday morning this stock might have been selling at $75 a share or offered for sale at any price and not salable.

This situation called for quick thinking and desperate strategy. After the panic had been raging for nearly an hour, officials of four New York banks, summoned by Thomas W. Lamont, somewhat ostentatiously entered the impressive squat building occupied by J. P. Morgan and Company at Broad and Wall streets and went into extraordinary session with Mr. Lamont. News of the conference had been duly announced to the press and flashed all over the country to brokerage houses on the Dow-Jones news tickers.

What happened at that conference was never divulged to the public until January 16, 1930, when some astute reporter wrote for The New York Times what he had been able to learn from Mr. Lamont. Although that scoop was carried on the front page of The Times, I later saw no evidence that any editorial writer or writer of financial news had read it, or having read it, understood the momentousness of the disclosure. There were not even follow-up news stories on it. Of this conference more anon.

At 1:15 on that Thursday afternoon in October, Richard Whitney, then known as a floor trader for the Morgan firm, walked to the post where United States Steel was traded and bid 205 for 25,000 shares of Steel. A moment before Steel had been selling at 193½. Word of this spectacular action was shouted by the order clerks through direct-wire telephones to every brokerage house in the city and news of it went out all over the country on the

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tickers. That was the first indication to the public that the bankers had taken steps to "bolster up the market." Simultaneously other floor traders, acting under instructions from the bankers, began to create a market for the stocks which had been valueless in the morning. Immediately the rest of the market responded to the action of the bankers' consortium. American Can, which had dropped to 137, rallied and closed at 157½. Steel closed at 206. American Telephone and Telegraph, which had dropped to 245, closed at 269. General Electric, which had dropped to 283, closed at 308, off only six points from the previous close. Montgomery Ward, which had opened at 84 and had sunk to 50, closed at 74. United States Industrial Alcohol, which had opened at 203⅞ and had sunk to 169, closed at 176. Columbian Carbon, which had opened at 260 and had dropped to 210, closed at 231. International Harvester, after being down twelve dollars a share from the opening, actually closed with a gain of 8⅜ points.

In Washington that afternoon a Federal Reserve meeting was called, attended by Secretary Mellon. The meeting lasted two hours but no action was taken that the public knew about. The Treasury department reiterated its contention that "business is fundamentally sound," ascribed the panic to bear raiding and pointed out, as a fact, the irresponsible rumor that Jesse Livermore, the biggest of the bears, had been buying all morning—which goes to show to what trivialities the Treasury department was capable of stooping. Colonel Leonard P. Ayres, the loquacious financial wiseacre of the Cleveland Trust Company, gave his opinion that the break was "a security panic, with no economic basis. The stock market probably hit bottom today and a rally tomorrow is in order." Senator Carter Glass of Virginia gave out a statement that the panic was "entirely due to Mitchellism." (Senator Glass had demanded that the Federal Reserve Board oust Charles Mitchell after Mitchell had defied the Board's edict against advancing Reserve credit to support the market and had relieved the tight money situation in the call-loan market by offering National City Bank money in $25,000,000 lots on a ten-point graduating scale from 15 percent.) Mr. Mitchell gave out an optimistic statement and said, "I still see nothing to worry about." The harried writers of market letters for customers of brokerage houses took strength from all this cheeriness and that night composed opinions voicing the belief that the "worst is over," that "the reaction was technical," that "the market is oversold" and that "the panic was largely psychological and had nothing to do with business conditions, which are basically sound" and that "now the better grade of stocks are on a sound investment basis."

The next morning the newspapers carried a statement from President Hoover in which he said, in part, "The fundamental business of the country, that is production and distribution of commodities, is on a sound and prosperous basis." He continue in that strain a statement as to conditions which, everyone knows, was false in every particula Overnight statements had been gathered by th newspapers from financial and industrial leader all of them reassuring. Arthur W. Loasby, pres dent of the Equitable Trust Company, said en phatically, "There will be no repetition of the brea of yesterday. I have no fear of another comparab decline." M. C. Brush, president of the America International Corporation, said, "I think we are a indebted to the four gentlemen who met on th corner yesterday and through their action steadie the whole situation. I believe that the very be stocks can be bought at approximate present prices. Walter C. Teagle, president of the Standard O Company of New Jersey, said, "There has been n fundamental change in the petroleum industry' and others were equally misleadingly optimisti Charles Schwab made a speech, occupying two co umns in the newspapers, saying that the country wa vastly prosperous and that the steel business wa never better.

Samuel Vauclain, chairman of the board of d rectors of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Georg M. Reynolds, chairman of the executive committe of the Continental Illinois Bank and Trust Com pany, Dr. A. H. Giannini, president of the Ban of America, and other presidents and chairmen o the boards of banks and corporations each put i their mite of optimism. Arthur Reynolds, chairma of the Continental Illinois Bank of Chicago, said "This crash is not going to have much effect o business." The newspapers on Friday morning al carried stories to the effect that a big bankers' con sortium, composed of six members, had been form ed to give support to the market—"not to bu stocks to put up prices," according to The Times "but to furnish a cushion of purchasing powe against the recurrence of any such condition a Thursday." (This comparatively guarded state ment was, nevertheless, typical of the misapprehen sion of the power and scope of the consortium These bankers could not legally use depositors money to gamble in stocks, nor did they: the bank have subsidiary investment trusts with large cash funds which they can use at their discretion and large investments which, as trustees of the invest ment-trust shareholders' funds, they must pro tect.)

Next morning, Friday, United States Steel opened up at 207 and the whole market steadied. Optimism had been restored, mainly by what was supposed to be the action of the bankers' consortium. Impaired margins were bolstered up by affected customers who raised money to protect their accounts, thinking everything was going to be all rosy again. Speculators who had been out of the market rushed in to clean up on stocks which supposedly had hit bottom. The rally continued throughout the day with only a few declines. At

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the close there were some spectacular gains on the day: United States Industrial Alcohol closing with a gain of 21 points, International Business Machine with a gain of 13¾, Warren Brothers with a gain of 14½, American Bank Note with a gain of 11, Cuymel Fruit with a gain of 18½, and other gains of five and ten points. On the Curb Exchange the Aluminum Company of America (Secretary Mellon's company) gained 50 points on the day; Duke Power Company, 33 points, and American Light and Traction, 20½ points.

The action of the bankers' consortium was kept pretty much a secret. When asked by the reporters what action had been taken by the bankers, Mr. Lamont said he did not know, although the Thursday conference and the Friday afternoon one, which George F. Baker, Jr., joined, had been held in his office.

What actually happened Mr. Lamont recalled on the fifteenth of the following January. Although he did not say so in so many words, he said in effect that the banks had saved themselves from closing their books that Thursday night "in the red," and after that let the market take care of itself. Six banks, on behalf of their subsidiary investment trusts, pledged $40,000,000 each, $240,000,000 in all, to "fill the air pockets"—that is, to create a market for the stocks which had been offered and nothing bid for them and to bid up stocks which had dropped below their lending value at the banks. About $100,000,000 of the pledged amount was used on Thursday afternoon. With a hundred million at one's disposal, one can mightily affect the trend of the market, as the event proved. But with the buoyant market created in the late afternoon and the next morning, when confidence had been restored by these purchases and by the reassurance of the President and others, the consortium quietly fed back into the market nearly all of the stock—at a fair profit to themselves.

For his feat in bidding 205 for 25,000 shares of United States Steel on that momentous Thursday afternoon, Richard Whitney was voted a tribute of honor by his fellow members of the Stock Exchange. (As I write, Steel is selling at 145½. It is interesting to note, by the way, that Mr. Whitney's predecessor, E. H. H. Simmons, then president of the Exchange, refused pointblank to add to the bogus optimism of the time and would make no comment on the market or on business conditions.) The newspapers began to refer to the "Big Six" bankers as "Saviors of the Market" and actually still refer to them as such.

What happened to the market after they had "saved it" is almost too painfully in the memory of everybody except financial writers. The bankers had got out. Of course, if they had not, the severity of the panic would have been more violent, if not so protracted. We would have got everything at once instead of having the pain stretch out for a year. Indeed, we might have had it over with. If the consortium had really wished to save the market as such, they would have used some of that $240,000,000 on the following Monday. But having saved themselves on that historic Thursday, that night the banks drastically revised downward their estimates of the lending value of stocks. Thus they passed the buck over to the brokers, who, in turn, had until Monday morning to pass the buck on to the public.

On Monday, October 28, the real debacle began and it continued unremittingly until November 14. On that afternoon, after the close of the market, during which Standard Oil of New Jersey had got down to 50¾, John D. Rockefeller announced through the press that he had placed a standing order for 1,000,000 shares of the stock at $50 a share. This was a gesture, probably inspired by Mr. Ivy Lee. Of course the next morning Standard Oil of New Jersey opened up two points above its close and it never after that dipped to 50. Mr. Rockefeller did not have to spend a penny.

In the face of world-wide depression, increasing unemployment, sharp declines in commodity prices, suspension of dividends and a steady down curve of business activity, the stock market gained some heart from the Rockefeller gesture and started advancing, with an occasional "technical reaction," reaching its peak last March. It had been aided periodically by statements from President Hoover or members of his Cabinet saying that business was on the upgrade and unemployment was on the decrease.

Finally the absurdity of these statements in the face of known and published facts began to be seen even by the holders of securities and speculators. Anyone with the reasoning power of a low-grade moron knew that a sinister situation existed and, in fact, had existed ever since early in November while the panic was still on—due to the fact that a great number of smaller interior banks were loaded with "frozen securities," and that a great many brokerage houses had been forced to carry their biggest customers, with accounts running into the millions, at their own risk because they could not afford to sell these customers out. (Here be it remarked that the "sucker," the small trader with limited capital and resources, was not affected by the panic, except insofar as all of us were by the depression in its wake: he had been sold out at least a week before, and in some cases weeks before, the panic began.)

Fortunately the older established houses had officers who had been in the Street long enough to plough earnings in boom times back into company surplus to tide them over in the event of a panic and so no important brokerage house failed at the time. But it was this strain upon company surplus, in carrying large accounts against the time when the market would stage a comeback, which finally did for the important but comparatively young house of Prince and Whitely. The situation was indeed precarious. President Hoover opened his

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mouth in optimism just once too often, in his May Day speech, and the next morning the market fell flat on its face with an expiring gasp. The decline has continued ever since until, as I write, the average prices of all utilities and industrials are considerably below the panic lows and the rails are lower than they have been since 1926.

Meanwhile one guesser, Roger Babson, who had gained a vast reputation for prophecy by hollering "Panic" in the summer of 1929, a full month before the utilities reached their dizzy peak and three months before the panic, made another bid for fame as a prophet by predicting in September of this year a rapid business recovery. In Cleveland, Ohio, on September 30, Rome C. Stephenson, vice-president of the American Bankers' Association, told his buddies (and the newspapers) some things he had cribbed right out of the guess of the once-right Babson. He said that a speedy return to prosperity was at hand, in fact, it was only a matter of a few weeks:

> There is as much money in the country as a year ago, [he said]. The trouble has been that those who had it would not spend it. As soon as they are satisfied that the business revival is on the way they will begin spending again. The depression of the stock market impressed the general public with the idea that it would depress general business. Because of a psychological consequence, it did, but it should not have. There are 120,000,000 persons in the country and at the maximum not more than 10,000,000 were involved in stock-market transactions. The remaining 110,000,000 citizens suffered no loss.'

Mr. Stephenson, who had cribbed from Mr. Babson, was himself parroted a few days later by President Hoover; but it is amusing to analyze the paragraph I have quoted from Mr. Stephenson's speech. It is a masterpiece of tosh and ignorance or duplicity. He says that there is just as much money in the country as a year ago. As if that had anything to do with it. There was also more money in the country in 1923 and 1924 than there was at any time during the stock-market boom, including last year. His corollaries are too absurd to analyze. Then he says that because only ten million persons were involved in stock-market transactions, the other hundred and ten millions suffered no loss. He had just admitted that the entire country *had* suffered a general depression in business. His statement about the psychological consequence of the panic being what it shouldn't be, is like the statement of the lawyer who was summoned by a client who was in jail. When he heard what the fellow was in for, he said, "They can't put you in jail for that." Whereupon the fellow insisted, "But I am in jail." Even panhandlers and pickpockets have suffered losses from the crash, not to speak of six million unemployed.

As I write, there is a lot of hokum in the newspapers about short selling. There are so many superstitions involved in finance, so many myths, that it is necessary, now and then, for unofficial spokesmen of the Stock Exchange to say something or do something about short selling as a gesture. They made this gesture on November 11, 1929, when the Stock Exchange sent out a questionnaire to brokers regarding the commitments on the short side on their accounts. When the returns were in, it was revealed that the short commitments were less than one eighth of one percent of the total commitments. It would have been a miracle if there had been any more that late in the day. And lately there was a report that something was to be done about short selling or bear raiding. That is as sensible as if the Casino at Monte Carlo made a ruling that people couldn't play the red any more, they would have to play the black. Short selling is a necessary corollary to trading on the long side. Stop short selling, as President Whitney pointed out, and you prevent a free and open market for securities and Wall Street would have to close up shop. That might not be a bad idea, but if it did, a lot of other things would have to close up too, including the government at Washington.

The "experts" on finance, the amateur economists and the financiers were for a long time engagingly varied in their opinions as to why the crash occurred. There is one school of great thinkers who said that the cheap money of the Federal Reserve Board was responsible for the stock-market boom and sequentially for the crash—a bit of cerebration that is positively dazzling, especially since the Federal Reserve rediscount rate for months has been lower than it has ever been in Federal Reserve history and this has created no conspicuous boom. Other great thinkers laid the panic to the multiplication of investment trusts and still others to the tendency of industries to finance their expansion by common-stock issues and so on. In explanation of finance you can hear anything, including the faint tinkling of bells.

The pay off is this: When the Federal Reserve Board issued its warning against stock-market speculation in February, 1929, a warning which precipitated a minor panic, the important thing in the warning was apparently overlooked by everybody, including, of course, the administration officials, who kept giving out optimistic statements to offset the reaction it had caused. The financial and political world and the public knew only that the Federal Reserve Board had probably stepped out of its proper function and given the stock market a spanking. But the real gist of the report was that the prosperity talk was a myth, that there had been no more than a normal increase in business activity following the depression of 1921 and that "prosperity," so far as world production and consumption is concerned, is relatively normal always, even though there are periodic waves of speculation inspired by imagination and based upon universal human greed and love of adventure.

BURTON RASCOE.

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Tennis Manners

THERE was a master at my school who was famous for just two things. One was a set speech entitled "Give Us Men!" which had become so joyfully familiar to the boys that the school authorities allowed him to give it only at increasingly rare intervals; the other was the rumor, handed down from one schoolboy generation to another and religiously believed by all, that he had once been kicked off the courts at Newport for swearing. I don't remember exactly what it was he was supposed to have said, but I think it was either "Damn!" or "Hell!"

In 1915, at the annual invitation tournament at Seabright, I saw McLaughlin beaten. It was the first good tennis I had ever seen played, but I remember now only the disagreeable impression that particular match made on me. McLaughlin's opponent was playing, as they say, "outside himself," McLaughlin was in difficulties all through the match; both of them were naturally keyed up. I can't remember anything particular about McLaughlin's manner, so I suppose he took his beating with fair grace. But I remember very well the behavior of his opponent, the air of profanity and not very well suppressed fury with which he snapped at the ball boys, because he thought they were not quick enough, or moved around too much, or perhaps because his nerves were on edge and he couldn't control himself. It was the first public exhibition I had seen of bad manners in tennis. You could see that the gallery didn't like it, but there was nothing they could do about it; they hadn't yet learned to boo and whistle.

Like all enthusiasts of one sport, I used to idolize the heads of what I should now call the profession, and never missed a chance to see them perform. During the next fifteen years I think I saw all the best players of France, England, Australia, Japan and the United States. And I remember many instructive incidents.

There was a Davis Cup match between Japan and India, at the Onwentsia Club in Lake Forest. Kumagae was playing some Indian—it may have been Dr. Fyzee. The rallies were very long, boringly so to the gallery, but they must have been heart-breaking to the players. When it was Kumagae who finally lost the point, especially if he had been passed cleanly, he would give a delighted cluck and grin like Teddy Roosevelt.

There was an exhibition match at Lawrenceville School in which Tilden played. The linesmen were recruited for the occasion from the school faculty. Once when Tilden was serving, a linesman warned him about foot-faulting. Tilden glared and said nothing. A little later the linesman called a foot-fault against him. Tilden stopped playing, put his arms akimbo and stared at the linesman in astonishment. Then he walked over and took the unfortunate man by the arm, dragged him out on the court, and asked him to place Tilden's feet where the linesman thought they ought to be—all this while enumerating in shrill tones how many tournaments he had played in and how he had never had a foot-fault called against him before. The little crowd of spectators kept an embarrassed silence.

Last month at Forest Hills, Hunter was playing Doeg in the quarter-finals. Doeg's grin, his youth, his terrific serve and overhead are popular with the gallery; Hunter's hard-working tactics and unsmiling, always silent face, are not. It was a close, see-saw match. After one hard-fought point, which Doeg lost, he snatched savagely at the ball which a boy tossed to him, and stood moodily looking at it for several seconds. Suddenly he drew back his racquet and banged the ball far away into a corner of the stadium. Hunter gave a slight deprecating grin. The gallery hooted, giggled, roared with delight. After another long-drawn-out rally, which Doeg's last shot might have won if it had been perfect, he raised his hands in a supplicating gesture, threw back his head, shut his eyes and importuned the blank sky thus: "Jeeeeesus CHRIST!!" Again a ripple of amused delight from the gallery at this further display of unaffected, unspoiled naturalness. A few heads dubiously wagged in disapproval. And the match went on, which Doeg was to win, as later he won the tournament and the national championship.

Tilden's notorious bad manners on the court have done more than anyone's, I suppose, to bring about the general decay, on the part of both players and gallery, in what used to be one of the politest of games. But if it hadn't been Tilden, it would have been somebody else, perhaps, for politeness is a virtue which Americans in the mass have not yet acquired, which they look upon as somehow effete and unmanly.

Like most of our games, lawn tennis came by way of England, surrounded with Anglo-Saxon traditions and formalities. But America has taken the game over, and America is getting less and less Anglo-Saxon every year. Take a look at the gallery at Forest Hills. Or look at Forest Hills itself, with its ugly, badly placed concrete stadium, where the afternoon sunlight hits the court just wrong, where the seats are uncomfortable and too close together, where everything—the hooting of the electric trains with their constant reminder of the return trip to New York through what must be the ghastliest little patch of inhabited desert in Amer-

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ica; the concessions under the stadium which do a rushing business in every variety of food and drink except the palatable, and at concession prices—everything combines to give the impression that this is a racket, this is a money-making business, we operate a big plant here, we're not in this for our health, you take what you pay for and be damn thankful to get a seat, or a hot dog, or an official program. Of course, it's a lot more democratic than Newport, or Southampton, or Seabright. It's no more democratic than Wimbledon, however, and not nearly so well arranged or so competently managed.

Well, what of it? says your red-blooded American fan (who, on closer examination, often turns out to be a pimply and pigeon-chested individual of mixed nationality but unmistakable lung power). Why shouldn't the gallery boo and hiss what it thinks is a linesman's bad decision, why shouldn't it cheer and yell instead of clapping, why shouldn't a player act any way he wants to, as long as he can get away with it? The red-blooded fan is doubtless right, and his question is purely rhetorical. I unhesitatingly assert that what we need is more frightfulness, a franker turning down of thumbs. I advocate unlimited license on the part of galleries. Let them kill the umpire. Let them throw pop bottles at the lousy linesmen. And let them, above all, boo off the courts a player who is a bad actor.

At present the gallery hasn't the courage of its feelings—that's just the trouble. It used to respond (and still does) to good acting: witness the popularity of B. I. C. Norton's clowning, of Borotra's acrobatics. But it also responds to any kind. It is not yet sure how far it ought to go. Many a gallery, had it dared, would have driven Tilden to the showers under a hail of abuse and a rain of concrete symbols, if it had not felt itself restrained by the clammy hand of a dying tradition. Were the crowds in the Coliseum polite to the gladiators? What rot! But the gladiators were damn well polite to the crowd. Let our tennis galleries realize the analogy, and act accordingly, and you will see how quick an improvement we shall have in the management of our tennis circuses, and in the histrionics of the performers, not only in their well worn comic and tragic roles, but in the antique mode of courtesy.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Crisp County Bucks the Utilities

The Widespread Effect of a Little Muscle Shoals

AFTER a seven years' struggle with the power trust, the citizens of Crisp County, Georgia, have established a hydro-electric power plant of their own. It began operation August 1 in competition with the Georgia Power Company. A local rate conflict ensued which speedily developed into a rate war involving the whole state. As a result some 239 cities and towns served by the company, a subsidiary of the great Electric Bond and Share Company of New York, are on the way to obtain material reductions in electric costs.

It is of significance that this is the first instance in which the town and country people of an American *county* have united to launch a publicly owned and operated power system. It is a Little Muscle Shoals: its basic plan is the same as that set up in Senator Norris's bill for the operation of the Great Muscle Shoals, only 300 miles distant. It has already begun to do for Georgia what Senator Norris predicts the larger shoals will do for the entire South.

The story of the inception and construction of this Crisp County plant illustrates in graphic fashion the key position which low-priced electric power now occupies in the economic, political and social life of every community in our nation. It shows, moreover, how intimately it underlies such vital problems as the centralization of industry, the drift of population to the great cities and the ever increasing domination by the power trust over local, state and national government.

Crisp County is not large in area and has scarcely 20,000 inhabitants. Like hundreds of others, it has suffered from the prevailing agricultural depression. It has, however, several men and women of vision, who long ago saw that new conditions must be met with new methods if their community was to grow and prosper.

An early leader was Charles E. Brown, editor of The Cordele Dispatch, which has been the voice of the group. These men organized a Board of Trade of unique character. It covered the whole county, farmers as well as the business and professional men of Cordele, the county seat. They looked well to management and obtained the services of John W. Greer, a capable executive, popular leader and economist.

That was in 1922. Months of real study and discussion followed, including a survey of the needs, resources and possibilities of the county. There emerged a five-year program covering every phase of economic and social life of the community. The master key to success they found, however, was—*cheap electric power*. The program states:

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> Crisp County has everything but one to make it an industrial center—the one thing being cheap power, the second important element in manufacturing. . . . We cannot expect the private power companies to furnish the cheap power we demand. We own a good site on Flint River. If that site can be obtained, this vicinity can be made an industrial center . . . we can sell our country produce at home which we now have to ship a thousand miles away losing the profits in freight charges, and we can keep the money at home which we are now sending to the East *where our water powers are owned* for the manufactured goods we use. Unless we develop that power on Flint River we may as well dismiss the idea of an industrial center from our minds.

No "Bolshevists" here. Just hard-headed business men facing reality. They started, but soon discovered their worst enemy to be, not local inertia, but the powerful and unscrupulous opposition of the Georgia Power Company with offices in Atlanta, whose professed devotion to the "industrial development of the South" did not include the factor of cheap power. They had, on the other hand, those three elements necessary to the success of any community enterprise—leadership intelligent citizenship and adequate publicity, an influential newspaper. They fought for seven years, overcame every obstacle, passed their bond issue of $1,250,000, built their 15,000-horsepower plant and opened for business on August 1, with 80 percent of the electrical users of Cordele as customers.

The Crisp County Power Commission, J. J. Williams, chairman, playing safe at the start, began with charges for service only 10-percent below those of the local unit of the private company. Its business disappearing, the company dramatically announced a 35-percent slash below its standard rates. But the Georgia Power Company is a huge super-power concern, and those 239 other municipalities it serves flamed into instant resentment. Rates were supposed to be uniform over the state.

On August 22, the Georgia Public Service Commission, headed by James A. Perry, then a candidate for Governor, issued an order *nisi* commanding the company to appear on September 2 and "show cause why, if it can" the new Crisp County rates should not be extended to the entire state.

The company rushed to the superior court at Atlanta and obtained a temporary injunction forbidding the Commission to hold the hearing. It asked that the injunction be made permanent on the grounds that the Commission had jurisdiction over maximum rates but not *minimum rates;* that the Crisp County reduction was necessary to protect the company's investment in that county; but that a like reduction, state-wide, would be ruinous, confiscatory and in violation of the federal Constitution.

At this juncture another formidable contestant entered the arena. The officials of some fifty cities which own their own distributing system but purchase electric current wholesale from the Georgia Power Company had organized a Municipal Utility Rate Association to compel the company to sell them current as cheaply as it is alleged to be selling to large private concerns. This body promptly called a state meeting, praised Crisp County and pledged help, denounced the company and demanded the 35-percent cut be made uniform to all ultimate consumers. At the hearing on September 6, its attorney, Colonel Alexander, moved that the court permit the cities to intervene. He startled everyone in the court room by announcing that the cities would waive aside the issue of the jurisdiction of the regulatory commission, for which Chairman Perry was contending, and demanded that the court hear the case at once on its merits. The cities wanted speed. He would prove to the court without the aid of the state commission that the Georgia Power Company could make the 35-percent reduction general and still make all the profits the law allowed. This action doubtless constitutes the most drastic expression of distrust and dissatisfaction with regulatory commissions yet made in any state.

Final hearing was postponed until September 29. The injunction was then made permanent, the state commission was ordered to proceed and make its own investigation as to whether the Crisp County cut was discriminatory and, if this charge were found true, to proceed upon its own authority; the cities were denied intervention and told they could present their case to the commission. Here the matter stands. A long fight is ahead but the indications are that it will result in material state-wide reductions in rates.

Meantime, efforts to wreck the Crisp County plant and buy it in will continue, for S. Z. Mitchell, president of Electric Bond and Share, with its controlling interest in the issue, is too keenly aware of the national significance of that county experiment and his need for dousing its light. Further, as is well known, Mr. Mitchell is not without influence in the Federal Power Commission as well as with engineers higher up.

Aware of its danger, the Crisp County Commission sought the protective aid of the Federal Power Commission, from which it received its license on the Flint River site. It wired F. E. Bonner, executive secretary of the Commission at Washington, urging that its solicitor, Charles E. Russell, be sent to Atlanta, not to intervene in the state case but because "the interests arrayed against us (meaning Electric Bond and Share and its Georgia subsidiary) are so powerful as to make it imperative that we have the aid of the most expert and influential legal assistance *for consultation so as to guard against any unforseen contingency.*"

Such needed help was promptly denied by Mr. Bonner and Chairman Ray Lyman Wilbur on the grounds that the case was not of sufficient importance. This was done in disregard of the urgent solicitation of Senators Brookhart and Frazier,

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the only anti-trust Senators then in Washington.

An example or two will show the reason why the giant so strenuously fights the pigmy. Already in Cordele a factory can buy power at one-half the rates charged by the New York Edison Company. But Crisp County has water power? Very well, take the huge Alabama Power Company which generates by water power. A wagon manufacturer at Florence served by this company recently paid a monthly bill of $322 for 12,700 Kilowatt-hours used. Crisp County would charge him $245. His factory is within sight of the Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals. The Alabama Power Company buys this current from the federal government at two mills and sells it in Florence at two and one-half cents for industrial puropses; at eight cents for domestic use. Cordele charges five cents to the domestic consumer. Under the Norris bill Florence could buy current wholesale from Uncle Sam and retail it at one cent for industrial use.

Little Muscle Shoals, then, dramatizes the whole problem of Greater Muscle Shoals and the power question nationally. If the little plant can start such a rate ruction in one state, what would happen if Congress should set the big plant free to serve, under public operation, cities, mines and factories in twelve states lying within a radius of 300 miles from Wilson Dam? Plainly the power trust dislikes the idea of a Little Muscle Shoals demonstrating the possibilities of the Greater Muscle Shoals—or any other great power site.

JUDSON KING.

Violations of Newspaper Codes

The Concluding Article in the Series, "News and the Newspaper"

ON ITS "Advertising Index Expurgatorius," The New York Times places "advertising that makes remedial, relief or curative claims, either directly or by inference, not justified by the facts of common experience," and "advertising of products containing habit-forming or dangerous drugs." The Chicago Tribune states that it will not accept advertisements of discredited remedies, those containing dangerous drugs, or internal remedies which present extravagant claims and which are couched in terms tending to deter the reader from seeking proper medical attention. William Randolph Hearst instructs members of his chain that "objectionable medical . . . and fake advertising of any and every description have no place in the Hearst newspapers."

Most other American newspapers profess a similar policy toward questionable medical advertising. How well do they live up to their ideals?

In preparing a definition on which to base a study of this matter, we were guided by Dr. A. J. Cramp, director of the Bureau of Investigation of the American Medical Association, who approved the following:

> Any advertisement of a medicine proprietary in character and secret in composition is pernicious if one or more of the following conditions exist: (1) if the advertisement, either directly or by inference, makes remedial, relief or curative claims not justified by the facts or by common experience; (2) if the remedy is offered as a remedy for serious diseases or for symptoms which may well be the results of serious diseases; (3) if the medicine contains habit-forming or dangerous drugs; (4) if the advertisement plays on the fear motive.

The above definition was worked out with a view to including only the advertisements which are beyond question pernicious. It would include, for example, patent medicines announcing "sure relief," "never fails," "pain banished in five minutes or your money back" and similar expressions, as well as those offered as a remedy for such diseases as asthma, influenza, epilepsy, anemia, cholera morbus, goiter, blood diseases, rheumatism and dropsy. It would also include propaganda for preparations shown by analysis to contain acentanilid, antepyrin, phenacetin or large quantities of alcohol, and all advertisements designed to frighten the reader into buying.

Advertisements of internal remedies which are not secret or proprietary—such as mineral waters, epsom salt and ordinary yeast—would not, on the other hand, be included in this definition, and were therefore not considered in our study, nor were any external remedies, or even "secret" internal remedies when not clearly proved to be objectionable for other reasons.

The newspapers used in the preparation of the socialization-sensationalism index[1] were studied over a ten-day period to determine the amount of medical advertising classed as pernicious. The scoring was based on the number of column inches of such advertising per 1,000 column inches of total printed space in each newspaper. Eight newspapers of the forty-four had perfect scores, or a rating of .0. These were The Christian Science Monitor, United States Daily, New York Times, New York World, New York Post, Boston Transcript, Minneapolis Journal and Milwaukee Leader.

[1] See the first article in this series, published in the issue of October 8.

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Twelve others rated from .1 up to .8, and nine scored more than 1.0 but less than 4.0. The scores of the remaining fifteen, the worst offenders, are listed below:

Boston Post	4.0
Denver Post	4.4
Springfield Republican	4.4
Atlanta Constitution	4.6
New York Evening Graphic	5.4
New York Age (Negro)[2]	5.5
Baltimore Sun	5.6
Cleveland Plain Dealer	6.1
Detroit Free Press	6.7
Morning Oregonian	7.7
Chicago Herald-Examiner	8.2
Louisville Courier-Journal	8.9
New York Daily Mirror	9.0
Baltimore Afro-American (Negro)	13.9
Chicago Defender (Negro)	14.5

As for the advertisements themselves, their range is wide. Tonics claiming to restore lost sex vitality in men and women are heavily advertised in the Negro papers, and were often encountered in white newspapers as well. Thus, The San Francisco Chronicle, which had a rating of only 0.1 on the index, carried an advertisement of a nostrum formerly known as "Sexvitor" and now called "Glendage," announcing "New Wonder Gland Pill Discovered . . . Glendage . . . gives the same results as the gland operations . . . start today . . . see what this God-sent tonic can do for you."

Similarly with the exploitation of female weaknesses. "A Baby in Your Home" is the happy message to childless women which is regularly printed in The Chicago Defender. The makers of "Gen-Tone," designed to the same ends, go further still and bravely "agree to return the $2.00 if you are not satisfied."

Cure-alls, it may surprise some readers to learn, are still advertised with a gusto comparable with that of the old-time medicine-show healer. "Konjola," "Ten Herbs," "Twelve Juices," "Sargon," "Husky," "Bon-Tone," "Mantone" are among the inspiriting appellations of preparations offered variously to cure stomach, kidney and liver complaints, rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia, anemia or what have you. Some present testimonials from delighted patrons. Others quote the Bible; after which, whether he suffer from dyspepsia, indigestion, "catarrh of the stomach, belching food, sour stomach, heart fluttering, pains in your back, hips or sides, yellow eyes, coated tongue, lost nature" or a score of other ailments, the reader is advised to send for Dr. Lyle's Famous Indian Head Kidney and Liver Medicine—"gets you right or your money back."

The most appalling symptoms are listed—"burning or itching . . . dizzy spells . . . puffy eyelids . . . pains that make you feel old, tired, pepless"—and the most excessive claims presented—to "reduce goiter in seven days," to cure "blood diseases" (euphemism for syphilis), "no matter how bad or old the case." Even The Morning Oregonian admits an announcement of "Chinese Herbs": use them and "avoid operations" if you suffer from fistula, diabetes, goiter, piles, tumors and so on down to scrofula and female disorders.

In general, though half the newspapers studied offer pages gratifyingly clean, or as clean perhaps as humanly may be, of obnoxious medical advertising, and though undeniably a majority of newspapers are watchful in barring the quack and the nostrum from their columns, the disquieting fact remains that a number of others, and many of these among the most reputable dailies in the country, still make seemingly little effort to protect their readers from the drugs, the false promises and the unsound claims of pernicious medical advertising.

But, the obvious question arises, how far must the honest newspaper go, not only to safeguard its readers from conscienceless advertisers, but also in the more important matter of seeing that its news reports are true, unbiased and presented with a due emphasis on the socializing factors involved? To this last, of course, many will object. "Give the public what it wants," is their creed. "If it wants news on matters of social importance, or if it wants sensationalism, give it what it wants."

This is a spoiled-child theory, obviously, but aside from that, what *does* the public want? To answer this, a special survey of the principal New York City newspapers was made to discover the relative demand for the various types of news.

The method used was to compare the percentage of front-page headline space[3] devoted to each type of news by each newspaper with the total circulation of that newspaper. We thus obtained a figure representing the share of the paper's circulation, in units of full-page space, devoted to each class of news.

For example, the most widely circulated tabloid —The Daily News—devoted 20.9 percent of headline space during the ten days studied to stories whose main appeal falls in the "sex" line of interest. Of each of these stories it circulated some 1,274,000 copies. Computing this percentage of the total circulation, we have 266,000 tabloid front and third pages made up entirely of sex-interest material. The next most widely circulated tabloid, The Daily Mirror, devoted 16.5 percent of space in 434,000 copies to sex-interest material per day, making approximately 75,000 full pages. Including sex-interest headlines in the other sensational papers, we find a total of 451,000 front pages per day devoted to this line in the news spectrum. This may therefore be called the "volume of attention" given to the "sex" line of interest.

The "citizenship" line in the spectrum is given the most emphasis by The Times, which devoted

[2] Four Negro papers, all weeklies, were studied. Their scores were calculated on from five to seven issues each.

[3] In the case of the tabloids, the third pages were also included.

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10.6 percent of its space to such stories. The Times's circulation is about 437,000, and its total volume of attention to citizenship news, therefore, is about 46,000 solid front pages daily. Calculating similarly with the other papers, we obtain a grand total of about 210,000 front pages daily devoted to "citizenship" interests.

Further, to discover the rate of circulation, for all the newspapers combined, of a given interest line, we divide the aggregate volume of attention by the average percentage of space devoted, and multiply the result by 100. These findings are:

Line of Interest	Aggregate Vol. of Attention (Front Pages Per Day)	Average Percentage of Front-Page Headline Space	Rate of Circulation
Foreign Problems	132,000	2.7	484,000
United States-International	293,000	6.7	437,000
Citizenship	210,000	7.2	292,000
Money-Sensational	353,000	4.3	815,000
Sex	451,000	4.2	1,072,000
Money-Sex	143,000	1.4	1,000,000

It is often protested, by some reformers, that the newspapers themselves have created the appetite for sensational news. This theory, however, can hardly be squared with the fact that the most determined sensation mongers, the tabloids, are very recent creations, and that their combined circulation, in New York alone, now more than doubles that of the more socialized papers. A glance at the foregoing chart shows overwhelmingly what the public, or a large share of it, wants, and what a certain group of papers is willingly providing.

Taking the results of the entire study summarized in this series, how do these forty-four representative papers stand? Which are the sensational, biased, unscrupulous sheets? Which are taking the lead toward higher standards in journalistic ethics?

A most important finding of our survey has been that, in the case of the newspapers, no sweeping generalizations are possible. All types of papers exist, from the worst to the best, and our effort has been to present, by means of the spectrum of news interest and the several indexes, as of news bias and of lax advertising policy, more scientific methods of measuring the differences in ethical behavior between the various types. We are now in a position to attempt, briefly, an objective appraisal of certain classes of newspapers, roughly representative of the variances among them all.

Most striking, of course, are the tabloids—most recent in development and most extravagant in sensationalism. Yet among the four tabloids (three from New York and one from Boston) analyzed in this study, certain marked differences in ethical behavior must be noted. The sensationalism of The New York Daily Mirror is indicated by its spectrum score of −17.3; The Boston Daily Record, however, with its score of − 2.4, ranks above The New York Evening Journal, and above all the Negro papers. A comparison of the news-interest spectra of The Record with The Daily News (score −14.2) makes the difference in sensationalism still more vivid. The Boston tabloid gave markedly more attention to "foreign sensational," "foreign aviation" and "domestic aviation" interests; its attention to "public crime and morals" was nearly four times as great, while to "horror-danger," "public violence," "money-sensational" and "sex" interests, it gave only 26 percent of space, as against 65 percent in The Daily News.

Generally speaking, the tabloids pay so little attention to the larger and more controversial matters of public importance, as the international, prohibition and tariff reports on which our studies of news distortion were based, that reliable indexes of bias could not be derived. Bias does, nevertheless, exist in them, if only in their emphasis upon the more sensational aspects of the news stories that break. Thus, a comparison was made of the reports in six New York papers of the murder of Frank Marlow, gambler. It was discovered that of the 143.8 column inches which The New York American devoted to the story, 104.0 inches were given over to the sex interests involved. The Daily News gave 61.8 inches out of 117.5 inches to sex, and The Mirror, 75.6 inches of 144.9, including a large photograph of a scantily attired admirer of Marlow's, captioned "The Only Man I'll Ever Love." The World, as an example of a more socialized paper, gave the story 37.8 inches, and sex, 14.1. The tabloids, then, not only select for emphasis those stories appealing to horror, sex, money and other sensational interests, but they also emphasize the sensational aspects in the stories.

Included also in our survey were four Negro newspapers, among the seven rated by Eugene Gordon as the best in the United States. These were The New York Age, The New York Amsterdam News, The Baltimore Afro-American and The Chicago Defender. In the socialization-sensationalism spectrum analysis, all four ranked above The Mirror and The News, scoring from −2.9 to −8.3. Generally, in the Negro papers, their likenesses are more striking than their differences. All tend to ignore many lines of interest entirely—"business," "foreign news," "aviation," etc. Money crimes and miscellaneous crimes are prominently featured among the sensational interests; "sex," on the other hand, gets much less attention than in the white tabloids. Bias, in them, is almost entirely racial in character, and the distortion is expressive of the social-oppression neurosis characteristic of race feeling.

One of the most striking developments in modern journalism has been the "chain" paper, one of a group of newspapers scattered throughout the country in various cities, but centrally controlled by one owner or group of owners. Of these, much the largest chain, and the one most discussed nowadays, is the Hearst group, of which three papers were covered by our present study. These three Hearst papers do not uniformly express their owner's per-

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sonality; they differ markedly in their ethical behavior. Thus, between 20.0 as the best score of all papers in the socialization-sensationalism scoring, and −17.3 as the worst, the Hearst papers vary from 14.6, the rating of The Chicago Herald-Examiner, and 11.2, for The New York American, to −6.8, for The New York Journal.

Throughout the spectrum, differences also are found. The Herald-Examiner, while scamping the four top interests of the spectrum (the more socialized lines), gives also only slight attention to the bottom seven sensational interests, to which The New York Journal, with the rest of the sensational press, devoted a great body of its space.

It is, however, in news bias that the Hearst papers offend most seriously, as has already been pointed out in the previous tables. Here they act en masse, and here, perhaps, is the influence of single ownership on newspaper policy apparent. In general, however, differences between the members of the chain indicate once more the necessity for judging each newspaper on its own merits. Some chain papers are among the leaders in ethical journalism; others bring up the rear.

For there are leaders, and though to denounce offenders against journalistic ethics is to render a service, it is even more important to call attention to those papers which are putting into practice the best ideals of the profession. Five papers particularly, which by our measurements of socialization-sensationalism, as well as by our indexes of news bias and pernicious advertising, stand out above the rest, are listed below:

Paper	Socialization-Sensationalism Index	Index of News Bias	Index of Pernicious Medical Advertising
New York Times (Ochs).....	19.3	.2	.0
New York Herald Tribune...	19.8	.0	.2
Boston Transcript.....	19.8	1.6	.0
New York World (Pulitzer)..	14.9	.3	.0
Washington Post.....	15.9	.7	.6
Worst indexes found.....-17.3		6.1	14.5

Three other papers stand high enough on the other two scales to deserve mention, though their indexes of bias have not been determined:

Paper	Socialization-Sensationalism Index	Index of Pernicious Medical Advertising
Minneapolis Journal	20.6	.0
New York Evening Post (Curtis-Martin)	15.8	.0
Emporia Gazette	18.0	.3

By no means all of the newspapers distinguished for high ethical standards are included in the above lists. The resources of this study permitted only scattered selections among outstanding papers elsewhere than in New York City and Boston, and among those not studied are undoubtedly many conforming to the highest ideals of ethical journalism.

What can be said at the present time, however, with scientifically grounded assurance, is this: though the ethical code of journalistic behavior is being violated continuously, both in the selection of news and in distortion of the facts presented, though many newspapers present only matter designed for the most sensational appeal and others offer news so colored as to blind the reader to all but one side—the newspaper-owner's side—of the case, there is nevertheless a large group of still other newspapers, distinguished for the honesty and uprightness of their standards, which are doing their best to adhere to the traditional ideals of American journalism. It remains for the intelligent reader to choose among them.

HORNELL HART, SUSAN M. KINGSBURY AND ROMAYNE ROWE.

Washington Notes

WITH the election hardly more than a week away the Republicans, it seems to me, are losing both confidence and courage. To be more explicit, a good many of the alleged leaders are frankly scared to death over the fact that loss of control of the House, which earlier in the fight appeared a most remote possibility, has become at least an even bet. What it appears they had not calculated upon was the extraordinary increase in Wet sentiment. It is reported that in both Ohio and Illinois, Wet Democratic senatorial candidates will win. Two great Republican papers, one in Cincinnati, the other in Cleveland, have come out in support of the Wet, Mr. Bulkley, against that ardent, administration Dry, Senator Roscoe Conkling McCulloch. In Illinois, Mrs. McCormick, who has straddled the prohibition question in a way that has aroused resentment from both sides, is in a concededly perilous predicament despite the heavy normal Republican majority.

Now the Democrats do not believe they will gain a majority in the Senate, even though Democrats are successful in Ohio, Illinois, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Kentucky. The claim, however, of House control has been greatly strengthened by Democratic senatorial prospects in these states. The Wet sentiment is reflected in the local district conditions and even in those districts where the Democratic candidate for the House is just as Dry as the Republican, the tendency of the Wets is to support the Democrat. This, of course, is due to the identification of the Democratic party with the Wet cause in many states.

All in all, troubles accumulate for the Hoover administration, which is naturally deeply concerned lest a Democratic majority in the next House be construed, as it unquestionably would be, as a repudiation of Mr. Hoover and his works. Naturally, too, it will thrill Democrats with the hope that two years hence they will follow their House victory, as they did in 1912, by the election of a Democratic President. Before that time, however, I am convinced the Republican party, with its customary and instinctive talent for getting away from a losing proposition, will have gone just as Wet as the opposition, Mr. Hoover riding on his Wickersham report, which is to come out after the election.

Wet victories in the two great Middle Western states of Ohio and Illinois will merely make the Wetness of the next Republican convention a little more certain and emphatic. Then, of course, with the prohibition issue elimi-

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nated, it will be just a question of business conditions. If they are still bad, or only partially restored, the Democratic chances ought to be good. If the old prosperity tide is running again then the prospect is not very bright in a country normally Republican by more than five million, unless a split in the majority party such as occurred in 1912 can be engineered. Notwithstanding these sustaining facts, the alarm of the White House circle is evident to anyone in contact with it. There is a complete lack of cheerfulness among the secretariat, the closer Cabinet members and the Rapidan regulars.

They privately complain with some bitterness about the "breaks" being all against them, and they still indignantly inveigh against the Democratic propaganda "plot" to blacken the unfortunate Herbert, as though the Republicans had not played the same game in the same way many times before. Also, it seems to me, Herbert got quite a "break" a few days ago, when Dwight Morrow in a New Jersey speech eliminated himself as a presidential aspirant and not only expressed his earnest desire to support Mr. Hoover for renomination and reëlection in 1932, but delivered the most effective commendation of his handling of the crisis caused by the business depression yet seen or heard. If that was not a "break" what was it? Ever since he won his senatorial nomination by a primary vote sufficiently large to elect him if he does not get any more, Mr. Morrow has been boomed by his own friends and Hoover's enemies as the 1932 standard bearer. In this great family journal a good many months ago, making one of my rare predictions, I expressed the belief that at the proper time Mr. Morrow would declare himself not a candidate, assert his support of Herbert and squelch his well intentioned boomers. I did not expect him to do so until after the election. I thought it probably would come sometime during 1931 after he had gotten accustomed to his seat in the Senate and to forestall any activity in his behalf. That it was sure to come soon or late it seems to me should have been obvious to anyone who knew Mr. Morrow, and properly appreciated the judgment and wisdom of that remarkable little man.

Now I am going to make just one more political prediction—one even a little safer, I think, than the Morrow one, and then I am going to retire completely as a prophet. This is that sometime in 1931 there will come a similar Hoover declaration from a very distinguished and highly paid literary star, who a few months ago flashed across the journalistic firmament, and is still flashing with almost monotonous regularity at $2.00 per word—to wit, Mr. C. Coolidge of Northampton, Massachusetts.

Some months ago, Mr. Coolidge, in response to the suggestion that he might be a candidate, said to a friend of his, who told me, that in 1932 "either Hoover will be renominated and reëlected or it will be a Democrat." That was his view long before Mr. Morrow was nominated, but even if it were not, the Morrow attitude would be his attitude. He followed the Morrow judgment for five years in the White House and has not given up the habit now and never will give it up.

Neither the Morrow pronouncement nor this Coolidge prediction will be palatable to the politicians who have been proceeding on the theory that there is a chance to sidetrack Herbert in the 1932 convention and get a candidate without his liabilities and more to their personal taste. None the less, those who most clearly see ahead have no idea that either Morrow or Coolidge will be available as against Hoover, and without Morrow or Coolidge, there is no one around on whom a genuine opposition could be centered. The anti-Hoover politicians will be in exactly the same fix as they were in 1928, when they found it impossible to find a rallying point. So far as the nomination is concerned, whether his party loses the House or not, there is no way to euchre Herbert out of it if he wants it. And if he does not want it he will be the first man in his position not to. His renomination is not really in question, but his reëlection is another story.

As an offset to the undoubted Republican gloom over the election prospects this year, particularly in Ohio and Illinois, the Democratic apprehensions over Senator Walsh in Montana should be mentioned. What is heard here in Washington is that this distinguished Democratic Senator, but for whom Sinclair, Doheny and Fall would have gotten off without even a blemish on their reputations, is in serious danger. His opponent, a Wet Catholic, is exceedingly popular in the state, making an effective fight. Montana is really Wet and Senator Walsh is Dry. It would be a loss to the Senate and a loss to the country should he be defeated. The determination of "Little Bob" LaFollette to go out there as a Wet Republican to help Senator Walsh is a gallant action and should have its effect. Anyhow, it is pretty good to think that George Norris of Nebraska is not the only Senator courageous enough totally to disregard party ties when the situation calls for that sort of action. It is pretty good to have two of them.

Washington. T. R. B.

The Bi-Millennium of Vergil

TWO THOUSAND years ago this month, or to be as exact as some disagreement among scholars will let us, on October 15, 70 B. C., was born in the village of Andes near Mantua, in Cisalpine Gaul, Publius Vergilius Maro, the son of a small farmer and keeper of bees who was just prosperous enough to give the boy a good education. The origins of the family are obscure; they were probably vague at the time of Vergil's birth. It is certain only that he came of provincial stock, and had no Roman blood. Indeed, his province, though it had long been a recruiting ground for the Roman legions, was not made politically a part of Italy until the poet had reached young manhood and had left home. There is no clue as to the color of his eyes, not a hint that they were blue. Yet it has been supposed by some writers, who could not otherwise explain certain difficult symbols in the "Eclogues" or account for the unclassical feeling of the "Vergilian gloom," that he inherited the mystical *lacrimae rerum* from remote Celtic ancestors stranded in northern Italy by the ebb of some early invasion. There is no evidence for this, and since the Reformation there has been no need of such evidence to explain the genius of Vergil.

His career was not at all spectacular, but it was remarkable, and in some respects like John Milton's. Like

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Milton, he enjoyed the best intellectual culture of his time. After finishing his studies at Cremona and Milan, he went to Naples to sit before the Greek grammarian, Parthenius, and at the age of twenty-three we find him at Rome under the Epicurean Syro, who taught him science, mathematics and philosophy. From about 46 B. C. to 42 he lived in studious retirement at his Andes farm, when young Romans were seeking fame in the civil wars or, if they were poets, were bidding for patronage at Rome; like Milton again, he was quietly preparing for his life work, in the midst of the most distracting social disorder. In 42 he met C. Asinius Pollio, the distinguished soldier, poet and historian, who represented Antony in Gaul and who seems to have suggested the writing of the "Eclogues." In 41, Octavian's victorious troops returned from Philippi, and were given the lands adjoining eighteen Italian cities that had stood for Brutus, among them Mantua and Andes. Pollio for a time protected Vergil, but soon he marched to the Perusian war, and the poet's farm fell to the legions. He now went to Rome, to Octavian himself, who restored to him his land and became his friend for life. We may imagine the depth of the poet's gratitude from the tone of the beautiful first Eclogue, written to Octavian in the summer of 41 B. C., in that vein of joyful melancholy which is still Vergil's alone—the tears of things hidden in the brightest moments of existence; and probably he never again surpassed the expression he gave to this emotion in the closing lines of the poem to Octavian:

Hic tamen hanc mecum poteras requiescere noctem
Fronde super viridi. Sunt nobis mitia poma,
Castaneae molles, et pressi copia lactis.
Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,
Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbrae.

The poem was the beginning of Augustus' lifelong patronage of the poet who later wrote *Augustus Caesar, Divi genus, aurea condet saecula.*

At Rome, from time to time, Vergil met the most powerful men of the age. He formed close ties with Horace, Propertius and Maecenas. In 40 B. C. his friend Pollio became consul. The poet immediately prophesied the good times to come, in that mysterious fourth Eclogue which fanciful Christians have interpreted as foretelling the Savior. However, because his health was frail, he lived mostly at Naples, where he finished the "Eclogues" and wrote in four books the "Georgics," perhaps the most perfect poems stylistically in all literature. He worked at these for seven years. Then, like Milton, having served his apprenticeship in the minor forms, he began, about B. C. 30, the "Aeneid," to celebrate the grandeur of the Roman state. Though not like Milton blind, he had such feeble health that he had little hope of finishing the poem; and indeed it never received his final revision. For, in 19 B. C., having gone to Greece in a last effort to recover his health—*aes triplex circa pectus erat*—he was stricken in Athens, and taken back to Italy by Augustus, who happened to be with him. He did not reach Naples alive. He died at Brundusium, but his body was carried to the hill of Posilippo at Naples, and entombed.

Since the revival of learning, Greek literature, as compared to Latin, has flourished sporadically, but Roman culture, even before the revival, was deeply involved in the Western mind, and afterwards it never quite gave way to the Greek. At the center of this mind, down to the middle of the eighteenth century, stood Vergil. For he was not only a learned tradition; he was to a large extent, far back into the Middle Ages, a popular tradition as well. His mother's name, Magia Polla, was by no means insignificant to the medieval mind, which easily saw through "Vergil" to *virgo* and *virga.* So the poet was believed for a thousand or more years to have been virgin-born and possessed of the powers of one who bore the *caduceus.* It was a popular tradition that received the last dignity from Dante, whose Vergil is not only a great poet, but a magician who knows the Sibyl, and can unlock to the living the gates of hell. But after the Reformation the magical Vergil shrank, and though he was probably more widely read than any other classical author until romanticism seized Germany, spread to England and captured his stronghold, France, he had long been a lay figure, and not even the defense of the formidable Lessing could stem the tide against him.

He has been a textbook for about one hundred years. Yet in spite of this the power of Vergil, in a curiously indirect fashion, endures. It survives in the translations. For the nineteenth-century translations of the "Aeneid" into English outnumber all the previous English translations put together. The tendency on the whole has been this: if a boy wishes to learn Latin let him decipher Vergil, but if he cares about the "Aeneid" he will get it more quickly in Dryden, Morris or Conington, or perhaps in the newer and excellent hexameter version of Mr. Harlan Hoge Ballard.[1] To blame the romantic view of poetry exclusively for this heresy would not be fair history; still, in its earlier and naïve phases, it was quite capable of it. For the "spirit" of Vergil, in this view, was something distinct from an "artificial" and "literary" text; the poet was a rhetorician and did not write in a frenzy. Curiously enough, the disciplinary study of the classics, which seems to oppose the romantic view, is only a reaction from it that leaves the evil untouched; and it is traceable to the Teuton dislike of the classical spirit. Since Latin and Greek are not pure pleasure and are not interesting for what they say, the only value they have—and it is piously affirmed to be great—is their power of disciplining the mind. They sharpen the wits. It is only a hair's distance from this exalted position to the prevailing notion that whatever sharpens the wits goes far toward teaching a young man how to make money.

But the translation neither sharpens wit nor gives us Vergil. Just what does it do? Perhaps we should do well to leave it to Mr. I. A. Richards or to the Chicago school of statistical criticism to tell us what it objectively does. One can only achieve the subjective certainty that it affords a dubious and qualified pleasure. Mr. Ballard's hexameters suffer from that frailty of the reader which Mr. I. A. Richards calls "mnemonic irrelevance": as we read about Dido we remember Priscilla, and pious Aeneas threatens to fade off into Miles Standish; nor will the murmuring pines get out of the way. This is not Mr.

[1] The Aeneid of Vergil, translated by Harlan Hoge Ballard. Scribner's. $2.

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Ballard's fault, nor was it the fault of Crane, who published a hexameter version in 1888 inferior to Ballard's. Mr. Ballard is readable. He tells us that his notes are for pupils of the eighth and ninth grades—who will by their aid be able to read the story through, if they are ignorant of the original, which they are. But why should they read the "story"? What is there in the story that can be told in the vulgar tongue? The problem is abstruse. For the meaning of Vergil is not the story; it is the style. And it ought to be enough to point out here that Mr. Ballard constantly adds to the Vergilian text, and for this compelling reason: Vergil's polysyllabic Latin is so economical that Mr. Ballard must add new beauties to it, in order to meet the demands of his monosyllabic English which, in the form of dactyls, is a monster crying out to be filled up line after line. There must be, in short, more words to the English dactylic line than to the Latin.

The result is disaster. This putting in of words for which there is no textual authority lowers the effect. It utterly diffuses Vergil's quality of perspicuity, which the eighteenth century by no means foolishly admired: for perspicuity is the gift of evoking, out of the whole range of perception, the image most apposite to the occasion—but no more and no less of this image than is necessary to maintain the line in the larger tone of the poem. It is a gift that Vergil has more than any other poet; and it is the quality that probably distinguishes a great classical style from the merely "fine excess" of genius, which is long in invention but pitifully short in composition and form. Every image, every piece of action, is reduced to the last firmness and clarity. It is commonplace to remark that the ancients saw the objects of nature in all their individuality, their isolation, their three-dimensioned completeness which demanded accuracy of statement and permitted no blurring of one perception with another. Vergil no less than Homer stood for this classical purity of vision, and it is not the slightest disparagement of Vergil's master to say that the Mantuan, by being the more "artificial," is the greater literary teacher. We know historically that he was the founder of European poetic style.

The style only is Vergil. After two thousand years, and after all that has happened to Europe, and all that has happened since the romantic age, it is barely possible that the translated moral sentiments of a Roman Augustan will take root in a foreign soil. Not only because he wrote the "Georgics," but for deeper reasons, he belongs to that stage of civilization which lived by agriculture: men under Charles I were, by their spiritual economics, closer to Vergil than we are, closer than we to them, and they could read the "Aeneid," matters of style apart, as a moral and spiritual tract. And for that reason they saw more deeply into the style. The influence of Vergil on poets from Drayton and Jonson down to Marvell and Milton now seems to us specifically literary, but probably it did not seem so to them; for Vergil was in the atmosphere of their lives. He was not a lifeless stone to sharpen their wits on, but one of those features of civilized life that we take for granted, like tables, chairs, houses.

For us, all that is left of Vergil is the special literary exhibit of a great style. And the translation of Vergil gives us a paradox: in an age, like the seventeenth century, when the moral appeal of Vergil was powerful, the translation, which was not necessary, might have been popular for its content; but now the content is irrelevant, and so is the translation, so that, at a time when Latin is but little read, we need the Latin in order to get to the beauties of a style. This is the bi-millennium of the Mantuan.

ALLEN TATE.

Solid South

Solid South, by Lawton Campbell. Lyceum Theater, October 14, 1930.

MR. LAWTON CAMPBELL has been, in his two previous efforts, one about Isabella and Columbus, the victim of most critical assaults, though I could never see any reason why his plays were as bad as half those I have endured the past few seasons. He is, if not a profound, an engaging child of the theater. In "Solid South" everyone has been obliged to admit that, in combination with some good acting, Mr. Campbell's play has highly entertaining merits.

"Solid South" can be taken in two ways, first the play, then the content in itself.

As a play, it varies between farce and comedy, with a definite sense one gets that its original intentions toward a higher grade of comedy must have been, as happens so often in the theater, pushed into a coarser and lower pitch now and then, and now and again rasped and rushed into farce, sometimes fair enough farce. Much of it, however, is comedy, and fair enough comedy. In places the action drags, and as a whole a quieter stress and leisure with the character studies would help. They are good studies, caricatured sometimes but solidly based. Mr. Rouben Mamoulian's directing—which critics seem to feel the need of pointing out ever since he directed "Porgy" for the Theater Guild and did that scene of the wake with the dead so well, and the rest of the play so obviously and so idly—did much to stiffen and vulgarize "Solid South." The movement and the emphases are full of little vulgarities, and the vivacity of the effect sometimes is empty and tediously snappy. What realities there are in this particular play lie, I should say, outside Mr. Mamoulian's talent.

Of the acting the best whole performance was that of Miss Elizabeth Patterson as the spinster sister who takes the side of freedom for the two women in her family and who knows how to manage her brother, the Major. In every detail it is a perfect piece of acting, wholly natural, wholly right in its simple, spontaneous, realistic technique. This, however, is a far easier role than that which Mr. Bennett undertakes. His part of the Southern traditional major struggles with the typicality of such a role, with the stage tradition and all the ham performances of such parts, and with all the caricature and fictional rot that has been perpetrated around the subject. Mr. Bennett gives an excellent performance whenever he keeps the part simple and true; when he has his eye on the audience and when he suffers from that pitifully silly desire that actors have to be applauded and to put in everything that any yokel will gobble up, he ends by being merely actorish, vulgar and extraneous. Mr. Bennett needs none of these excessive actoralities; he has enough sweetness and

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goodness in the eye, enough emotional glow, enough technical certainty, to carry the role straight to our hearts. I feel like thus advising Mr. Bennett for the simple reason that few actors on our stage could technically manage the role at all—they could not even make up for the part, the poor tiresome exhibitionists!—and that he is so close to a really significant performance. He somehow has the right ripeness and vagary, the right accent—his Southern speech is excellent, his warm current of emotion quite right—and I want him to be perfect. In the scene, for instance, where he drinks—after one to everything else—a toast to his ancestors, the family, how much more interesting and moving it would be if, instead of speeches and that poor business of singing "I'm coming" and saying words to the borrowed portrait (his ancestors, but sold to pay some bill), he merely lifted his glass to the portrait of his father, with the right pause—of which Mr. Bennett is past master—and went out to supper with his Pittsburgh guests. This horsing of the role keeps Mr. Bennett from being really distinguished in it. I want only to say to him that there is deeper laughter, quite as certain too, than that which comes from the immediate and easy stage trick, and that, from the security and tenderness of his best moments in the play, I know that he is capable of still more excellences. I say to Mr. Bennett and Mr. Campbell—all of us as children of the theater—why should we not push things to their utmost, which includes the most poignant, if elusive, comedy and the most unforgettable tragedy? Audiences will respond to this. They have no idea of what they want exactly, but they have a sort of childish recognition of it when they find it.

Miss Jessie Royce Landis, as the lonely and widowed daughter-in-law of the Major, bound to him by vague, strong ties—a genuinely subtle motivation, not wholly understood by the dramatist perhaps—gives an excellent performance. Her Southern speech is often bad, but her intonations are very good indeed, and her dramatic variations admirable. This attempt to learn a Southern speech (the technical problems of which appear to be beyond our Broadway actors and directors) fell very flat with Miss Bette Davis, sweet Broadway child that she may be. She and Mr. Owen Davis, Jr.—it may please some people to know he is the playwright's son—struggled with the problem of how to be interesting as nobodies. Here the dramatist's conception failed him and we got only two modern stage lovers, who at best could give birth only to an asbestos curtain, and who inspire their creators only to the utmost sterilities. Neither of them was unpleasant or vulgar, however; and Miss Davis achieved that cereal quality that the roles of pure girls on Broadway are taken to represent.

As for the content of the play, that turns on the Southernness of it. Being a Southerner and hearing the advance reports of a certain satire on the South contained in this new piece, I was naturally not without some apprehension as to the dread effects of Mr. Campbell's play. What, I thought, would be the effects of certain riper fruits of Park Avenue on this young dramatist whom I knew to be a Southerner himself? Would he be overimpressed with those families who, having given to some syringe, depilatory, collar, automobile or lubricant their family name, maybe, have now become rich and high up for those who run the elevators on that royal street; would he in the light of such civilization be willing to see the old Major with their eyes?

As a matter of fact, taking "Solid South" as comedy, not farce, I am obliged to admire the solidity of the basic elements in the play. It is nearly always slightly caricature, but it is a clear case of where this typicality in drama becomes something very near actuality and individual truth. The Major and the servants are very like persons in themselves; the old maid sister is Southern as nobody but a Southerner could recognize—that odd mixture of common sense, ruthlessness, lawlessness and pride and tart romance.

What is missed in the play—taking it as seriously as one might take the greatest work of art—is a certain fine quixotic tragic note that would appear from a realization of the fundamental passion and depth of these conceptions on which the Major founds his explosive and weak reactions. For example, even the idea that his daughter-in-law should not marry again is easily connected with his sense of his family: the son is a sacred continuation of the Follansby blood, the son's wife has a sacramental connection with the idea. So far as the Major goes, I recognize too well his ways, his ideas of honor and family courage and all the rest, to see them in any but a high-comedy, exciting, touching way, absurd in their immediate outcome but founded essentially on profound and lasting human qualities. And at least, in comparison with this admirable, sterilizing, prosperous Pittsburgh millionaire, the Major leaves me wondering whether the fires, the tyrannies, the passionate deprivation, the ruinous pride and dwelling in the past, are not at least as bearable as the drabness, limitation, barrenness and affluent, semi-vulgar abundance into which the ladies of the Major's family are rushed at the final curtain, eloping as they do with the father and son, the first a strong self-made certainty, however unappealing, the second a four-year-at-college young man willing to imitate everybody who has imitated everybody else prosperous. As to the Alabama spouting, the oratorical tedium, is it any worse than the Rotarians or the American Legion? As to the sonorous platitudes, are they more nauseous than the newspaper headlines from capitalist banquets? As to the factory, with its worked-up market for its unneeded goods, that is to be started by the Pittsburgher on the Major's sold farm, it remains to be seen what sort of relationship this cooked-up activity has to another sort of life where the cultivation of the affections, the esteem of leisure, the pride of tradition, are believed in. Mr. Ford's public utterances are satirization, however unconscious, in the fullest sense; Major Follansby's utterances and tirades are the last gasp, futile and infantile, of what, by its incongruous, terrific relation to human life, is both absurd and elusively important. It is important in its relation to life; hilariously absurd in relation to a society in which a man would sell anything, however long he had lived with it, on which he would clear fifty dollars, above moving expenses of course. This absurdity is all the more farcical for a Broadway audience, to most of whom any but current journalistic ideas and prejudices are only odd or crazy.

Only one thing I could wish especially for "Solid South," and that is the removal of a certain commonness

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now and then. The young people are hardly common, they are merely two nobodies headed nowhere. They have their freedom now, and we must accept the solution, as if freedom made any sense except in so far as it permits us to follow something else in life. And the story is harmless enough. But there are diverse overdone and common moments, the Pittsburgher's love scene with the widow, for example. And when the Major stands staring at the Pittsburgher writing the check, his manner and posture are merely common burlesque and merely limit the depth of the feelings he has hitherto displayed. It would be truer to have him consider the source from which the money comes, and considering that from such a person all there is to get is money, to get as much as possible. When, for an obvious example, Mr. Bennett scuttles around looking for his pistol, or when he expresses some superficially fantastic opinion or bias, he should maintain more dignity. A certain *amour propre,* a certain ridiculous conviction that the surface decencies of life, the gravity of deportment, the polish and pride of the day, are important, still haunts such a Southern type as this Major; and may even, perhaps, undermine your wonder as to why he doesn't get more money and come where he can get his name in the papers or the ladies of his family published in some enthusiasm and auto-photography for the promotion of their chosen mattress or face cream—a skin, in sum that you—the Major doubtless would demand who this YOU might be—will love to touch and tell about.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Brass and Woodwind

SIR: The Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of this city has been rolling around in glory for some time. Its members have been referred to by Mr. Albert Coates as "these wonderful boys." They are in the unique position of being musicians and appreciated; rarely an evening passes that does not see them waved upright by the conductor to be met with a trebling of applause. Much more rarely, however, do the "wonderful boys" wander from the beaten track of Brahms, Wagner, Mozart and Mozart, Wagner, Liszt into a wilderness of Gershwin.

They strayed somewhat on a previous occasion this summer. But Mr. Copland's concerto failed to bring out what George Gershwin's so clearly did in the concert here on August 28, at the Lewisohn Stadium, namely, that the simple, even banal, rhythms of modern jazz are utterly beyond the comprehension of Mr. Van Hoogstraten and his men. In the opening movement of the "Concerto in F Major," the brass and woodwind that has set Europe talking heavily clumped an uninspired way through what was originally intended for syncopation—a pristine figure that the simplest Negro has in his fingertips and the soles of his feet. The percussion section also distinguished itself, as did at different intervals, the usual strings. On this occasion, perhaps, the casual strings.

At no time throughout the three movements did anyone under the shell seem to be in sympathy with the matter at hand. This with the exception of course, of Mr. Gershwin, whose rendition at the piano contrasted startlingly with what was going on about him. Perhaps he played from a different score.

"An American in Paris" was conducted by the composer, traditionally out of his element, but none the less comparatively successful in whipping the boys into the semblance of a line, their rhythm showing only slight traces of dyspepsia.

The treatment accorded the "Rhapsody in Blue" was almost fair, possibly because of the few technical difficulties to be encountered therein. The orchestra as a whole continued to muff the elemental Charleston tempo to the end: the swinging impact of it finding expression only through the piano. I shall hedge a bit here. A saxophone and banjo were smuggled in during the intermission. The performers on these vulgar instruments being palpably aliens, there is a chance that Mr. Gershwin was not alone.

The artist of the evening received due appreciation. His work met with at least a seventh of the ovation rewarding the quite remarkable calisthenics of Miss Duncan two evenings before.

OTIS C. FERGUSON.

New York City.

Norman Thomas for Congress

SIR: So great is the interest in the Sixth Congressional District in Brooklyn that our Non-Partisan Committee for Norman Thomas believes he has more than a fighting chance for election.

Mr. Thomas is running as a Socialist and because he is a Socialist, but many of us who are not members of the Socialist party and some of us who are not in complete sympathy with Socialism believe that his election would be a benefit to the whole nation. It would give to the Socialists a voice in Congress to which, obviously, they are entitled in a real democracy, but which, since we have no proportional representation, they cannot get, except by success in one district. Moreover, by common consent even of his political enemies, Mr. Thomas would voice with vigor and distinction views on unemployment, international problems, etc., which ought to be heard. Finally, his success in Boss McCooey's own district would be a peculiarly telling rebuke to boss rule and a proof of an aroused popular interest in good government in a city where Mr. Thomas has been most active in sounding the alarm against corruption and apathy.

For all of these reasons we believe that many Americans will feel that it is a duty and privilege to aid in this campaign. Canvassers and watchers can be used. Money is very urgently needed for such necessary expenses as circularizing the voters in one of the biggest districts in point of population in the United States. Contributions from a dollar up will be gratefully received by the Norman Thomas for Congress Non-Partisan Committee, 1110 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, New York.

HENRY NEUMANN,
Chairman.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

As Yu Doutless No

SIR: The fact is, as yu doutless no, that the "Labor" and at least a goodly portion of the Liberal party in Great Britain is fast turning from its faith in unions as a means of maintaining wages and is going into the ranks of those who place their faith in equal freedom of access to nature's resources for all who wish to work or to carry on productiv operations. . . .

An important conference was held in Glasgow last year to report progress in various countries wherin the Single Tax has been in principle applied to a greater or less extent. It got a very good "press" in the British Iles but, so far as I no, none whatever here. . . . The present Chancelor of the Exchecker, Philip Snowden, is a profest adherent of the George doctrin and has pledged himself to take steps in that direction as soon as practicable. Important debates hav taken place in the present Parliament, but . . . neither yu, to whom i would naturally look for at least some mention of the subject, nor the great daily whose motto is "All the news that's fit to print," hav a single word to say about it. But the time is approaching when the hed-in-the-sand attitude wil no longer do. The conviction is gaining ground that the doctrin taught by Henry George in his great book ritten fifty years ago is more and more dominating economic thot and disipating the mists that now becloud it; demonstrating, among other things, that "unemployment" is a purely artificial and man-made thing, the removal of which wil be astonishingly easy when we go about it inteligently and quit blaming capital, big-business, stok speculation, protection, free trade, wicked unions, public-service corporations, etc., etc.

FRED J. MILLER.

Center Bridge, Pa.

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Three Frenchmen in the U. S.

Champions du Monde, by Paul Morand. Paris: Librairie Gallimard.

Scènes de la Vie Future, by Georges Duhamel. Paris: Mercure de France.

Standards: Le Travail Américain Vu par un Ouvrier Français, by Henri Dubreuil. Paris: Bernard Grasset.

THE FRENCH are taking a great interest in America. We have already become a favorite subject for the writers of French popular fiction, who have found in the United States a field of melodrama and marvel comparable to the Italy of the Borgias. A recent writer in The New Freeman has given an account of certain French novels in which Harlem seems to figure as one vast Babylonian underworld and New York itself as groaning under the despotism of a monstrous female combination of Mayor Walker and Mabel Willebrandt, a creature with long yellow teeth to whom a regular tribute of Ziegfeld girls is offered up.

Here, however, are three more serious books. Paul Morand is not quite out of the trashy class, but he is better informed than the writers referred to above. "Champions du Monde" is supposed to be told by a Frenchman who first visits the United States in 1909 as an instructor at Columbia. Here he makes the acquaintance of four students, four friends who have sworn eternal fellowship and made an agreement to get together and report progress at intervals of ten years. The narrator sees them again in 1919—and finally in 1929. One becomes a professional pugilist who is represented as combining Gene Tunney's gentlemanliness with Jack Dempsey's demoralization: falling a victim to the American tendency to turn our heroes of sport into mountebanks and to the extravagances of the narcissistic winner of an Atlantic City beauty contest, he half murders an honest German opponent with a horseshoe which his manager, without his knowing it, has secreted in his glove, and when he finds out what has happened, commits suicide. Another, an attractive and sensitive young fellow, kept in leading-strings by a rich mother, first accomplishes prodigies of daring in the Escadrille Lafayette, then lapses into the refined inertia of an expatriate existence at Versailles, a miserable prey to his mother and to the narcissistic beauty-contest winner, whom he has taken over after the pugilist's death. Of the other two, one, a Jew, coming to grief in the United States between his idealism and his desire to get on, and with a more vivid sense than any of the others of the blind alley of the American situation, washes his hands of the whole business and goes to Russia, whence his grandparents had come; and the fourth, a sort of Woodrow Wilson, "high-minded" and Puritanical, uses himself up in well intended but unintelligent efforts to impose American ideas upon Europe. Morand presents his Americans with considerable sympathy, and he knows a good deal about America: the accuracy of his detail is astonishing. Yet in general, one always feels with Morand that what he knows about the countries he visits is the result, not of original thought and study, but of having acquired all the most enlightened commonplaces already current among clever people: the principle point of "Champions du Monde," for example, is that the Americans are all run by women and are usually ruined by them. (See the ogrish "Miss Mabel Willebrandt Walker" mentioned above.) Paul Morand is a diplomat, and as a diplomat he does very well. He manages to find out all the things which a diplomat ought to know, and he never comes to any conclusions which the Quai d'Orsay would disapprove of. He has abandoned now completely the attempts at fancy writing which made his early work rather irritating, and he has produced in "Champions du Monde" an excellent piece of journalism: the story is entertaining, the background is mostly accurate and the characters are mostly well done—the Jew is something of a real creation. Yet the book as a whole is a fairly cheap grade of goods—and it is significant that the impression it conveys should be on the whole so unfavorable to America. The Americans are not here represented as either unscrupulous or brutal: the Woodrow Wilson character is, in fact, made quite heroic. But they are always assumed to be deficient in certain indispensable qualities of true manliness, sense of proportion, taste, etc., with which the French observer is assumed amply to be supplied. The book is said to have outsold any of Morand's previous writings.

Georges Duhamel is not in the diplomatic service, but his point of view is in a sense just as much an official one as Morand's. When we read his account of his visit to America, which he calls "Scènes de la Vie Future," we realize to what extent French culture has become deadened into a body of dogma. We do not usually think of the French as intellectually flat-footed—for Anglo-Saxons their intelligence is a legend. Yet the intelligent ideas of the French are things about which they have ended by becoming excessively stupid. Duhamel's book is one of the most violently prejudiced ever produced by an able writer: it is as bad as Katherine Mayo on India or Owen Wister on Germany. M. Duhamel came to America and apparently traveled rather widely without enjoying a single moment, finding a single thing to admire or meeting a single person whom he liked. At least Americans figure in his book only as blind and frenzied hordes in the mass or individually as humorless dummies who are invariably left speechless and gasping by Duhamel's ironic sallies of French good sense and good taste. For the rest, the United States is an inferno: we descend through successive circles of the movies, prohibition, the Chicago slaughter-houses, race prejudice, publicity, a football game and an election-night celebration. On the latter occasion, Duhamel, with his charming French good sense and good taste, convinced that all American drinks are detestable, steadfastly refused to drink any of the punch—though he felt that this "disconcerted and disappointed a little those attentive hosts."

His intention, he explains in his preface, is merely that "through America, my shafts shall reach the whole world which takes her for model, and, one would say, admires her. My life has been devoted to praising peace; and it is still with the thought of peace that I am expressing my anxiety." Yet "Scènes de la Vie Future" is one of the most hostile books I have ever read. If Duhamel merely wants to warn the world, as he says, against tendencies which have in America been carried further than anywhere else, he should at least make it plain that he regards us as belonging to our common humanity. But the Americans in his book are, as I have said, all comic-supplement characters. Duhamel's attitude is really very similar to the attitude I was writing about last week in connection with Norman Douglas: he wants to pose as a champion of all the values represented by the tradition of French culture at the same time that he is unwilling to recognize any of the things which have been going on in the world outside that tradition and will not take the trouble to try to establish any relation between it and them. So far as

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any enlightenment as to what is happening in America goes, he might almost as well have stayed at home, like Mr. Joad, the author of "The Babbitt Warren," and written his opinion of the United States from his snug little place on the Ile Saint-Louis, which he is always remembering so tenderly amid the demoniacal scenes of American barbarism. His denunciations show much literary competence, some of his descriptions have a certain apocalyptic grandeur (I am particularly sympathetic with his chapter on the horrors of motoring, surely a terribly overrated amusement)—but the whole point of view of this modern French democrat, liberal and praiser of international peace is essentially as intolerant and antiquated as that of any cultivated noble of the France before the Revolution. He doesn't find out what the Americans are up to, and he doesn't want to find out—he had his findings all complete with his baggage when he got aboard the boat at Brest, and he doesn't try to draw any sensible conclusions even from these. It is enough to enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that one is a Frenchman, the heir of Racine and Voltaire, the inheritor of a tradition of harmony, moderation and order, a lover of humanity and good cooking. This book, too, has apparently been very popular.

Henri Dubreuil, the author of "Standards," deplores Frenchmen with preconceived ideas who attempt to report on America—and as he remonstrates with Duhamel for one of his statements, it is probable that he has him in mind. His own book (published in English by Harper's under the title "Robots or Men") is the most interesting and valuable study I have yet seen by a foreigner of America. M. Dubreuil, a skilled machinist, secretary of the Confédération Générale du Travail, came to the United States in 1927 and spent fifteen months working in American factories. Though he came over here prejudiced against the Taylor system as it is understood in France, he became convinced as a result of his experience that "Taylor's experiments may some day come to seem as important historically as the distribution of property accomplished by the French Revolution." The worst features of the system have been eliminated and only through such mass production as it makes possible can the necessities of life be provided cheaply enough to be enjoyed by the people in general and rapidly enough so that the workers will not have to spend their whole lives manufacturing them.

Through scientific management and through such coöperative experiments as the B. and O. plan, against which he had also been prejudiced before coming here, the American capitalists, he believes, are without knowing it running straight into Socialism. The Americans are unaware of this, and the French are unable to conceive it because America has become to them a bugbear. But the truth is that the ideals of French labor and the practice of American industry have more in common than they usually suppose. The apparent gulf between them is due to the fact that the Americans have no theoretical turn and are not given to projecting social systems for the future. For the Americans, the future is tomorrow. If for the Frenchman, the future is a dream, for the American it is action. The only problem for him is "a certain number of definite established evils for which effective remedies must be found. Then he works on the social plane in the same spirit with which he pursues a line of mechanical research in the factory, that is to say that here also the workshop takes precedence over the laboratory, the actual social milieu over the study. May it not be that he is the first to bring a positive method into sociology?" In the meantime, technological unemployment—the fact that the more efficiently and economically American industry is organized and run, the more people will be thrown out of work—may force the issue for the American capitalists. What will happen then M. Dubreuil does not venture to predict, but he looks forward to a socialistic future and he believes that American industry already provides conditions more easily assimilable by socialism than any other industrial conditions in the world. We are already, he asserts, vastly more democratic than the French: one of the principle difficulties in France is the contempt of the white-collar class for the workers, but in America this relic of feudalism has long ago disappeared.

As for the effects of working with machinery, the noise is a little overpowering; but he regards work in a large and well run modern American factory as no more monotonously repetitive than that of the old-fashioned pin-maker or weaver—and he doesn't believe that the people who denounce it have ever done any manual labor anyway. It doesn't become dull, because it is always in a state of revolution through being reorganized and changing to new methods: he has heard more American workmen complain of being dislodged from tasks they have got used to than of the dreariness of doing the same thing over and over. The Americans have no regard for tradition—they are ready to make a new departure every day; and he believes this is all to the good. For the rest, he finds our libraries marvelous, and he approves the enterprise of Americans in bringing European pictures to America, where so many people are able to profit by them. And at the time he was working in Detroit, he liked nothing better than to go to hear Massenet beautifully played at a community concert.

Dubreuil's remarks on the amiable relations between the workers and the white-collar class perhaps recall a little painfully that scene in "Fanny's First Play" in which the Frenchman, coming into an English household where the children have just thrown the parents into a panic by attempting to escape from their control, delivers an enthusiastic oration upon the splendid independence of English family life compared to that of the French, from which the children never get to the point of attempting to escape at all. It is also true that a skilled machinist is in a better position than most classes of workers to get jobs easily and to get jobs that are interesting. And it is true that Dubreuil, while he was here, proceeded under the direction of the Taylor Society, and that in general the factories where he worked were among the best, the only highly developed, examples of scientific management which we have: the Ford works, General Motors, etc. Though he admits that a good deal of American industry is just as old-fashioned as the French, he largely disregards this fact in his book, and has nothing to say about the bitter class warfare in the steel and textile industries, the oppressions, persecutions and butcheries which have made Pennsylvania and North Carolina as barbarous as the Balkans. Yet Dubreuil is obviously honest and intelligent, and his testimony is impressive.

All these books by Frenchmen have the merit—which few American books have—of seeing America from an international point of view. But "Standards" is the only one which really makes any serious attempt to put the United States into relation with Europe. Paul Morand maintains a polite but unbridgable distance between us; Duhamel not merely frankly but somewhat ostentatiously holds us at arm's-length. The only writer who feels any solidarity with the people he meets in America or has any

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expectation of arriving at an understanding with them is Dubreuil, the workingman. The professional intellectual as well as the emissary of the Foreign Office still takes nations and cultures seriously: only the workman knows better.

EDMUND WILSON.

An Opponent of the Soviets

Economic Trends in Soviet Russia, by A. Yugoff. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: Richard R. Smith. 349 pages. $4.25.

THE PRESS of Western countries is echoing with prognostications as to the ultimate success of the Five Year Plan, and the competition which, in case of a favorable outcome, the Soviet Union, armed with a monopoly of foreign trade, may be expected to offer to capitalistic states. The original tendency to pooh-pooh the Five Year Plan as fantastic, has given place, in many quarters, to fear that the Soviet government will soon succeed in underselling its competitors, thereby creating unemployment and paving the way for world revolution. To those who have been haunted by nightmares of Soviet economic invasion, Mr. Yugoff's diagnosis that "under Soviet dictatorship, a normal development whether of industry or of agriculture has proved to be impossible" should offer at least temporary relief.

Mr. Yugoff's criticism of the Soviet economic system, although obviously that of a political opponent, is free from vindictiveness and exaggeration, and is based primarily on economic considerations. In his opinion, the progress of industry and agriculture in Russia is hampered by the close interdependence of politics and economics, which breeds bureaucracy, corruption and inefficiency. Soviet critics would agree with him in denouncing, as they do every day on the front page of official newspapers, the defective quality of manufactured goods, the high cost of production, the lack of housing accommodation even for the privileged class of workmen, the ever recurring maladjustments in industrial production, and the wide divergence between the prices of manufactured and those of agricultural goods. While Soviet spokesmen attribute these weaknesses of the system to lack of zeal on the part of certain workmen, indifference or sabotage on the part of foreign and Russian experts and, more generally, regard them as the remediable growing pains of Communist economy, Mr. Yugoff views them as inevitable concomitants of control by the state over all resources and means of production. As a Social-Democrat, he favors the organization and "purposive" planning of national economy by the state, but finds that, in this respect, the Soviet government has bitten off more than it can chew; he suggests that a measure of "denationalization" would alone serve to remedy the present situation. He deplores the fact that the workmen exercise little control over the economic activities of the state, and are prevented from forming effective organizations to defend their interests. He claims that the Soviet government is actually handicapping the Russian workmen for any struggle they may eventually have to face by depriving them of political experience.

To the Soviet boast, only recently expressed by Stalin at the Sixteenth Party Congress, that the Communist system, unlike the capitalist one, is free from recurring economic crises, Mr. Yugoff answers by pointing to the several agrarian crises which have taken place in Russia during the last decade, following each of which the government has been forced to make concessions to the peasants, who constitute an overwhelming, if politically passive, majority in a country still primarily agricultural. The relative absence of unemployment in Russia, which Soviet spokesmen regard as a sign of excellence on the part of the Communist system, cannot, in Mr. Yugoff's opinion, be regarded as a permanent condition: the rationalization of industry and the collectivization of agriculture may be expected to create unemployment within a short period of time, while the unemployment of unskilled labor already constitutes a problem for Soviet labor exchanges. Mr. Yugoff's analysis of the economic development of the Soviet Union, although already out of date in a number of details, especially in the matter of agriculture (the Russian and German texts of this book were published in 1929), constitutes a healthy corrective to the overoptimistic view that the Communist system offers a panacea for all the ills of capitalist industrialism.

VERA MICHELES DEAN.

The Glory of the Nightingales

The Glory of the Nightingales, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. The Macmillan Company. 83 pages. $2.

INDIRECTLY there is scarcely a poet living in America today who does not owe something to the early work of Edwin Arlington Robinson. It was he, long before the poetry revivals of 1910 to 1915, who brought to the writing of poetry the dignity of serious performance. If we remember that "Captain Craig," perhaps the most important of his longer poems, was written back in 1902, we realize at once that his intimations of human weakness and mortality have a prophetic ring and that the study of the great American failure began in the halcyon twilight of the Mauve Decade.

Sometime between the publication of "Captain Craig" and the arrival of "The Man Who Died Twice" in 1924, Robinson became completely converted to the tenets of his own faith. His mind was already fixed and secure; all that remained for him was a matter of technical perfection and the physical labor of setting words down upon paper. We have a spectacle not unlike that of Thomas Hardy directing his energy and point of view into the creation of "The Dynasts." The two men have much in common. Robinson, today, at sixty, may have the satisfaction of looking back over a thousand pages of closely printed verse in which he has never compromised his own particular attitude toward life. Like Hardy, his honesty of purpose is above reproach or question. He has tested the validity of his own dogma in three distinct divisions of his work: the semi-dramatic narratives, of which "Captain Craig" is the first and "The Glory of the Nightingales" is the latest; the Arthurian legends reworked in modern terms; and a sizable quantity of short blank-verse narratives and miscellaneous lyrics, including a fairly large collection of sonnets. The great bulk of this work is composed within what we have come to recognize as Robinson's own standard of excellence. Again, like Hardy, he has developed a principle of self-criticism which has prevented him from committing any of the grosser errors evident in the work of such contemporaries as Edgar Lee Masters and Vachel Lindsay.

From this large background of technical experience and his considerable ability, Robinson presents us his narrative poem, "The Glory of the Nightingales." It is perhaps unfortunate that this latest book did not fall into the hands of a book club, an accident that steered "Tristram" into the best-seller class, for "The Glory of the Nightin-

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gales" is easily read and almost as easily forgotten. Given a wide distribution, the story with its subdued gun-play and delicate moderation of melodrama could become popular in a worthy sense and serve as an attractive introduction of Robinson to people who merely know him as a name discussed in "literary" company.

Superficially the poem has all the high polish and slickness of a well turned detective story. We are introduced to Malory, bitter and frustrated, who is on his way, gun in hand, to settle a score of hatred against an old friend and enemy, Nightingale. Nightingale, a dying man in a wheel chair, receives his desperate visitor. The poem launches into a brilliant dialogue between two highly civilized men, both attempting to justify his hatred for the other, each realizing that their lives are at the point of suicide and natural death, bound together by the personality of a woman and their own frustrated ambitions and ideals. It seems almost unfair to tell how Nightingale outwits Malory in his decision to fire off his tidy little gun and spoil their conversation. Robinson is so adroit in managing the scene that we very nearly forget the artifice at work behind the footlights. The play speeds on to the futile but inevitable death of Nightingale by his own hand; he selects the very gun that Malory gave him in surrender to a glib tongue and an agile mind.

Robinson has never shown the mere technique of his narratives to better advantage. His blank verse has become a flexible medium indeed, with stops and pauses that reflect the tempo of our speech; and it is almost unnecessary to add that there are no heavily dramatic gestures in the phrasing of individual lines. The main situation in the plot is enough to carry the reader along and the story itself involves a repetition of Robinson's central theme. Malory has but to look away from Nightingale and gaze out of the window at the sea to identify himself with the futile movement of the waves.

In relation to the main body of his work, "The Glory of the Nightingales" merely proves again that Robinson has already said very nearly everything he has to say. We think of Nightingale and Malory as first cousins of Richard Cory and Captain Craig or Bewick Finzer. Even the Arthurian heroes have the familiar gestures that we recognize at sight as belonging to Robinson's fraternity. If "The Glory of the Nightingales" contributes little or nothing to the advance of Robinson's fully recognized reputation, most certainly it verifies the opinion that he is an artist of remarkable ingenuity.

HORACE GREGORY.

Notes on Novels

The Bitter Tea of General Yen, by Grace Zaring Stone. Indianapolis: Bobbs Merrill. $2.

THE IMPOSSIBLE region that separates Occidental from Oriental modes of thought, Christian idealism from the realism of the Chinese, the idea of mercy from the idea of justice as a governing ethical principle, is not a new field for fictional excursions, but not often, to my knowledge, has it been explored with such competency as it has been here. If Mrs. Stone's sympathies are on the side of the angels, she manages pretty well to conceal the fact; American heroine and Chinese general, who is head man in the show, are presented with equal impartiality and understanding. A cultivated New England girl who has come to Shanghai to marry a medical missionary suddenly finds herself, through stress of civil war and circumstance, an uninvited guest in the yamen of General Yen, provincial Governor and leader of the Republican forces against the Communists. For three days she finds herself in intimate contact with a superior and civilized mind; she attempts, at the most critical phase of his career, to interfere with the financial administration of the province, to save his concubine from the inevitable penalty for treacherous conduct and to save his soul by making of him a sentimentalist. She achieves nothing but the enlightenment of her own spirit; leaving Yen in the hands of the Communists, who will certainly shoot him, she escapes back to Shanghai, less sure of herself, less sure of the efficacy of the Christian ethic as a cure-all for mankind. Mrs. Stone's direct, unpretentious method of writing is admirably adapted to the hard lucidity and compactness of her thought. She knows contemporary China, she knows Americans in China and has a knack for drawing pen pictures of them with an economy and subtlety of means. One does not immediately forget Schultz, the American financial advisor whom Yen trusts because he is devoted first of all to his own interests, nor Doctor Strike, the professor whom he does not trust because he is devoted first of all to God. And there is Yen himself, cultivated, charming, handicapped by the ineradicable canker of doubt and a sense of humor. It is a good novel, and worth the time spent in reading.

Mirthful Haven, by Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

MR. TARKINGTON, according to the jacket of the latest novel of his, has recently become Dean of American Letters. What he actually seems to have become is the most prolific of our professional novelists and a blooming example of the perils inherent in the profession. He knows every trick of the trade; he has allowed them, in this case at any rate, to get the better of his powers of observation. "Mirthful Haven" is little more than a hash, a jumble of diverse elements in which good and bad have been hastily scrambled together for lunch-counter consumption. The bad is the more in evidence. When Mr. Tarkington occupies himself with the idiosyncrasies of Maine fisherfolk, the indigenous population of a village which no more than tolerates the hand that feeds it and resents the annual invasion of the rich and condescending in the summertime, he is worth reading because he obviously knows what he is talking about. But more than half the book is concerned with the doings of sophisticated people who make up the summer colony at Mirthful Haven; once he shifts the center of gravity to them, Mr. Tarkington grows clumsy and artificial and a great bore. What his people do and say is determined invariably by the exigencies of a cut and dried plot; he pulls the strings and, obediently and lifelessly, they begin to cut their capers. As for Edna Pelter, the native girl in whom he has endeavored to combine the best features of both his worlds, primitive and sophisticated, she ranks as one of the least admirable and least convincing heroines in American fiction.

The Man from Limbo, by Guy Endore. New York: Farrar and Rhinehart. $2.

MR. ENDORE possesses intelligence, lively ideas and an encyclopedic memory for stray facts; it is too bad that with such equipment he was unable to contrive a better book. He has written, unless I am very much mistaken, the story of a young intellectual in New York who, having been frustrated in love and ambition and the desire for truth, seeks escape through dreams, only to

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find there an alley no less blind than is the actuality. There is a novel within the novel, and Mr. Endore handles his tale of buried treasure in Madagascar with a good deal of competence. But it is hard to know just what he is driving at, thanks to an annoying habit of tossing out miscellaneous bits of information regarding savages in South America, Alfred Loewenstein and the misfortunes of whales —sometimes they are pertinent, sometimes they are not. And almost never are they interesting in themselves. It is a completely honest book and one that is, apart from a certain rhetorical manner of writing whicl is not impressive, above the average initial effort. Its chief shortcoming is that it is utterly lacking in characterization. Is it possible for a work of fiction to be successful artistically unless into at least one of the characters there has been pumped the breath of life? It seems doubtful.

HOWARD COXE.

Contributors

BURTON RASCOE, journalist and critic, formerly editor of The Bookman, has also been literary editor of The Chicago Tribune and The New York Herald Tribune.

T. S. MATTHEWS is literary editor of Time.

JUDSON KING is secretary of the National Popular Government League.

ROMAYNE ROWE received an M.A. degree in Journalism at the University of Wisconsin and was Research Fellow at Bryn Mawr for 1928-29.

ALLEN TATE has become a member of the agrarian movement of the new South and is to raise perique tobacco with the collaboration of Ford Madox Ford.

VERA MICHELES DEAN, whose special study has been Russian affairs, is a member of the Foreign Policy Association's research staff.

HORACE GREGORY is the author of "Chelsea Rooming House," a book of verse just published by Covici Friede.

HOWARD COXE, former New York journalist and newspaper correspondent, is author of "Passage to the Sky," a novel.

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